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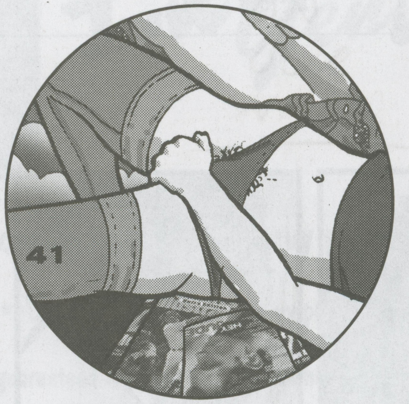

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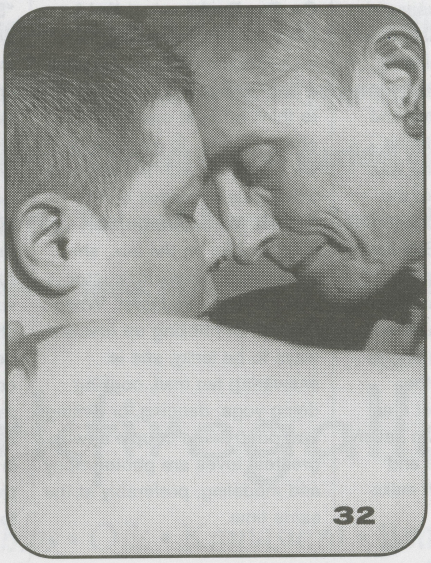


editor's.postcard

Push It Real Good

At **On Our Backs**, our hearts go out to all those affected by the September 11 attacks and the subsequent acts of terrorism. In a time of such crisis, it's easy to dismiss lesbian porn and sex as frivolous or irrelevant. Many of us may not feel much like having sex, but others feel a renewed urge to connect with the ones we love. We have sex to feel alive and celebrate life. We have sex to feel safe, comforted, reassured. We have sex to relieve stress, to be momentarily transported to a state of bliss. We have sex to heal. And all these aspects of sex are important, especially now.

In one of my favorite songs, saucy duo Salt N' Pepa sing: "Ah. Push it. Push it real good." You may have noticed some changes in our content recently. We got a new printer and finally, we can now show penetration! Publishing more explicit photography is just one of the ways we hope that **On Our Backs** will continue to push the envelope; see the anal fisting scene (page 32) and the how-to on dyke cocksucking (page 11) for two more examples. Erotic photographer Tee Corinne has been pushin' it since before I was born, and I had the chance to sit down with her and talk about her groundbreaking pussy pictures (page 28). The pushy pornographers behind S.I.R. Video are determined to make real, high-quality lesbian porn. We got two of the stars of their latest creation, *Sugar High Glitter City*, real-life lovers Amy and Cheri to grace our cover and give us our own private show (page 22). Hope this issue helps you push it, in whatever ways you want.

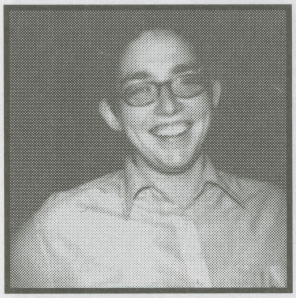
With lube + affection,

Tristan Taormino

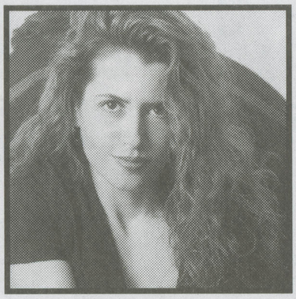
Tristan Taormino, Editor

Editor Tristan Taormino and Editorial Assistant Rachel Kramer Bussel at a World Trade Center Relief Fund benefit in New York City.

contributors



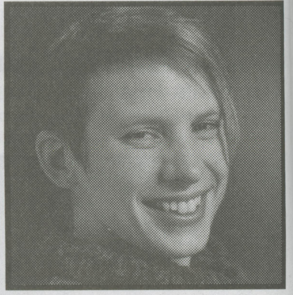
Tennessee Jones is the author of "The Word Nebraska" (page 38). She is an excommunicated southerner currently living in New York City. She has spent the last six years moving through anarchist culture, sleeping on couches, living in collective houses, and riding in the cabs of eighteen wheelers. Her personal goal for writing is to blend politics and thoughtfulness in a way that reminds readers of the deepest part of their humanity and how their existence relates to the rest of the world. Currently she is working for an independent publisher, involved in the struggles against gentrification and the prison industrial complex, and writing like hell.



Amy Hunter is a kinky queer girl from Seattle. Her primary career as a professional dominatrix and kinky-sex educator enables her to spend lots of time and money on her other intense fetish, photography. She was gleefully happy to shoot the photos of Lydia and Blue for this issue (page 32). She first got started in photography by being a nude model, and then she began shooting nude self portraits. Like sex, she enjoys photography more if other people are involved, but if no one is available, she can satisfy herself. Rope bondage and wide angle lenses both make her very, very wet.

On Our Backs asked **Alexi & Zille Defeu**—the married lesbian couple responsible for the fetish and BDSM site darkplay.net—to think of us at one of their photo shoots. To our delight, we ended up with the foxy and funny pics on pages 6, 11, and 46. When Alexi is not helping Zille on the site, she works as a fitness instructor and massage therapist. When Zille is not thinking up creative ways to be kinky, she is answering fan mail, cooking, doing yoga, dancing, or writing bad poetry. The couple's two greatest loves are photography and modeling, preferably at the same time.

"Being the first transsexual woman in **On Our Backs** means a lot to me personally as well as to thousands of transsexual women who identify as lesbians," says **Jessica Choplin**, who graces our house ad this issue (page 7). Jessica always knew she was a lesbian woman, despite all physical evidence to the contrary. And now after some very painful procedures, she is physically female and has been welcomed into the lesbian community with open arms. Jessica will be appearing in a steamy **On Our Backs** pictorial in the spring, but we found her pictures so exciting we just had to sneak one in right away.



"I'm too tired to write a bio" says **Leanne Franson** the illustrator responsible for the sexy illustration on page 38. It's no wonder she's tired. The Canadian artist just returned from a stateside romp with a Wisconsin farmdyke that had her looking for love in zucchini patches, fondling sexily deformed organic tomatoes, and pretending to be a schoolgirl while playing in the hay. When she's not going down on the farm, she's illustrating children's books and creating comics. Franson adds "I found the combo of travel and rough sex in *The Word Nebraska* eerily familiar."

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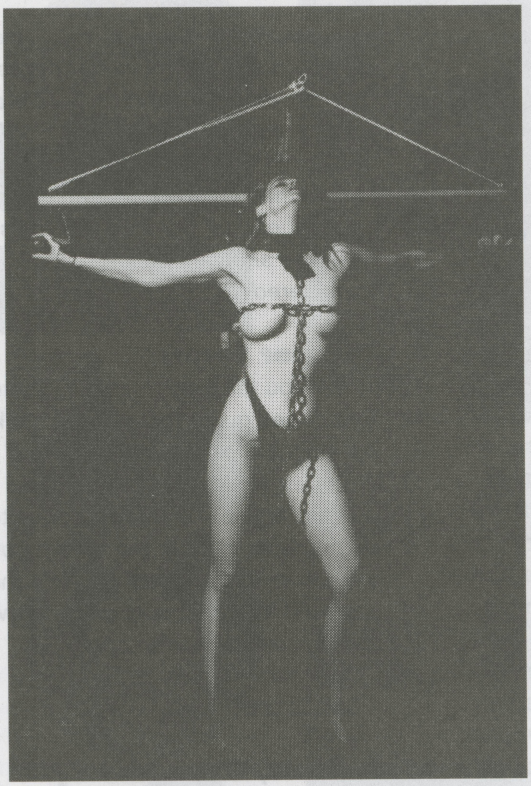

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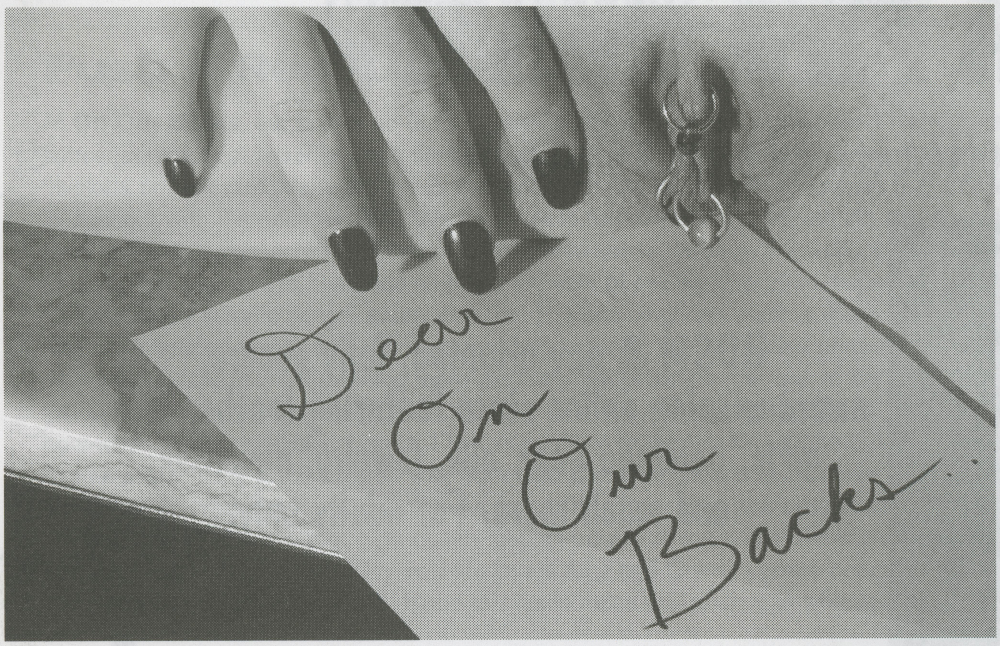
Dear On Our Backs.

DARKPLAY.NET

Sprinkle Speaks

The magazine is looking splendid! Thanks for the book review of *Hardcore from the Heart: The Pleasure, Profits and Politics of Sex in Performance*. I appreciate it.

Annie Sprinkle
Sausalito, California

Brotherly Love

I appreciate your policy of including transpeople. Please keep taking pictures of transmen and using the right pronouns. While it is true that many trannies identify as "just regular ol' guys," some of us still hold tight to our former identities as dykes, and don't want to leave behind the community that reared us. I support dykes and lesbians and bisexual women and queer women and women who choose not to label themselves. Please do not turn your back on me and my brothers. In some cases, you are all we have. Please keep bringing us more people of size, more drag kings, more hot femmes, more chicks of color, and more differently abled people. Strap it on, take it off, just don't lose the variety I see in every issue.

Trystan Dykeman
Portland, Oregon

Playing Favorites

I've been reading **On Our Backs** for the last year and the October/November 2001 issue is my favorite so far. The entire issue was hot, except for the climax shot and the how-to on cutting. The pictures of Dahlia and Lucky were really steamy. Lucky is such a great-looking butch, she can sail into my port anyday. I also really liked the fisting frenzy with Aimee and Liam. Although Aimee looked kinda weird, and I'm not into bondage, Liam was a hot butch that really does your magazine credit. Oh, and Angel was one of the prettiest girls to grace your pages. Finally, "Hung Up" was wonderful reading. Every girl I know has thought about calling those phone sex numbers that come on late at night. Thanks for the girly girls and the handsome butches! Keep up the good work!

Rebecca Kim
Oakland, California

Sexual Chemistry

In your October/November 2001 issue, Nina Hartley advises a reader with a tendency to get yeast infections ("The Yeast Beast") to shower after sex in order to wash away bacteria. This is sound advice, but it is important to add that the ph level of soap is almost always basic, and fungi–which are the real culprits behind yeast infections and not bacteria–thrive in basic environments.

Washing with only warm water is one alternative. If you prefer to use soap, Castile Soap is on the mildly acidic side of the spectrum and will preserve the naturally acidic environment of the vagina.

Name witheld
Via the Internet

Showing Pink

I'm sure you have heard this many times before, but this magazine should be in color.

Shannon Kasey
Atlanta, Georgia

We completely agree. Oh how we wish we could see all the naked dykes in this issue in dreamy technicolor. We assure you it's not on purpose that we don't publish in color. As soon as we hit that critical mass of new advertisers and subscribers, all our lovely models will really be showing pink. Have you considered a gift subscription?

Temper Tantra

Thank you for listing us in your Internet Resources guide for lesbians seeking out tantra info ("Tantra for Dykes," October/ November 2001). I was glad to see the article! I wanted to draw to your attention an error in the spelling of our Web site–there is only one *s* in the entire name. The correct address is www.womensexualitycenter.com.

Pamela Madison
Santa Barbara, California

Dubois, C'est Moi

I absolutely loved the interview with Cléo Dubois (October/November 2001). What a fascinating woman she is! Thank you for continuing to bring BDSM out of the sexual ghetto and into the light where it belongs. I count on **On Our Backs** to always visit the cutting edge of sexuality and keep me informed, and you never disappoint. I was also happy to see the review of the book *Leathersex* in the same issue. I read that book ten years ago and it blew my mind way back then. It's been out of print for so long and now that it's back, it can blow the minds of a whole new generation of leather explorers.

Elena Johansen
Columbus, Ohio

talk to us sweet, talk to us dirty. Send your letters via e-mail to letters@onourbacksmag.com, via fax to 415.648.4705, or write **On Our Backs** magazine, 3415 César Chávez, Ste. 101, San Francisco, CA 94110.

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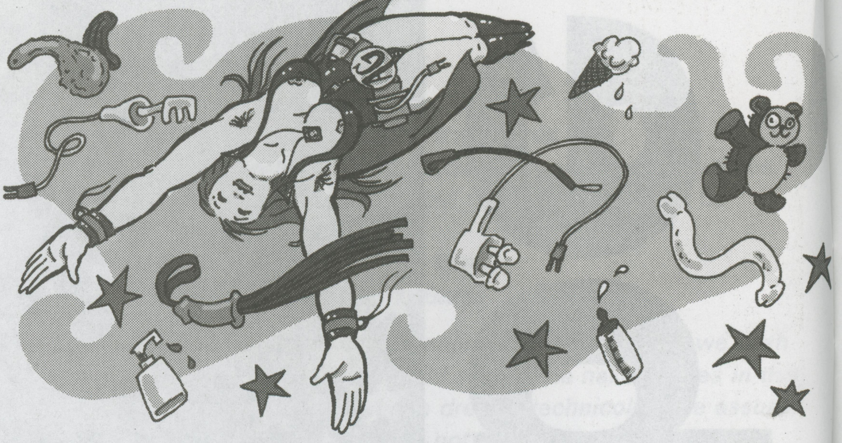
Send in the Clowns

by Michelle Tea

illustration by Fish



I want to inform you in great detail of the very, very best strip bar in the whole USA–better than my former favorite Big Daddy's in New Orleans–Jumbo's Clown Room. You can find it in a strip mall, where you find most things in Los Angeles. Set back from Hollywood Boulevard, surrounded by parking lot, you can spot Jumbo's by its bright yellow sign: the illustration of a girl kicking leggy legs from a martini glass, and the ring of bulbous circus lights blinking drunkenly around it. Jumbo's is sort of legendary; ask anyone who knows L.A. The girls that dance there are nuts, in a good way.

I have to be in the right frame of mind to enter a house of stripping ladies; I have to measure my mood. If I'm menstrual and ultra-emphatic I will read deep pain into the eyes of the dancers, invent tragedies for them, and feel like a grand shit for participating in their presumed oppression. Or if I'm menstrual and riddled with insecurity I might bounce between begrudging the dancers their confidence and costumes, hating my tranny boyfriend for his generous enthusiasm, and spiraling into a black hole of self-loathing for my petty neurosis. Basically, going to a strip bar is like dropping an hallucinogen: you gotta be in a really good state of mind and loving life if you want a fun trip.

Gazing at the tacky sign above the entrance, I felt a wash of gratitude for whoever had the good sense to finally pair up strippers and clowns. The inside of Jumbo's was pure roadhouse: loud music, loud voices, smokey. The stage was small, and on it a dancer grooved to the Beastie Boys, with a wooly NYC cap pulled low over her eyes. Red sequined pasties glittered cherry on her tiny nipples as she strutted across the stage like a dude and slung herself cooly around the pole. Jumbo's is a no-customer-contact kind of place, with a brass banister to keep the hungry audience at bay. It's also not a full-nudity joint, which means the bejeweled pasties stay on, and I get to drink beer. I gazed around at my fellow lookyloos. A bunch of men, duh, but a fair amount of girls were also kicking back and taking in the near-naked ladies. A pair of obvious dykes hung all over each other at the front of the bar, and a small cluster of fags sat right up at the stage hooting, "Go, girl!" at the stripper. Later they would nearly get 86'd for attempting to videotape one of the performances. Poor nellies, what do they know about tittie bar etiquette?

My group kept elbowing each other as our gaydar detected yet another homo in the house. Was Jumbo's a *gay* strip bar? What the hell? Behind me the door to the ladies' room slammed open, and out burst a butch, and I mean muthafuckin' *butch*, not L.A. butch but a hard-ass, bald, torn-up-sleeveless-flannel-workboots, handsome butch bulldagger. My mouth hung ajar. She smiled and took a seat at the stage with some other mannish women drooling over a dancer in a sailor suit dancing to "Daddy." She was soon joined by two other chicks, both in boas, who performed a perfectly choreographed burlesque number to "Hey Big Spender," sticking their gams over the brass bar coquettishly and rolling in the copious cash being tossed onto the floor. Girls came out dancing to the Ramones, the Sex Pistols, Marilyn Manson. People hung out like at a regular bar, a seemingly straight girl gave my boy her phone number when my back was turned, and the jaded bartender charged me a different price for every mug of Budweiser I purchased.

The sounds of a revving motorcycle roared from the jukebox as Motley Crue's "Girls, Girls, Girls" heralded the arrival of a new dancer to the stage. She was 6-feet tall, Amazonian, a goddamn trannychick wielding a leather belt, beating up the stage floor with it. The crack and slap of it was loud enough to make us hop on our barstools. We immediately gave her the rest of our money. Her big strong legs held her upside down on the pole forever, she raised her body up to the audience and with much life and vigor yelled, "Yeah!" "Yeah!" we hollered back. She lifted a friend's cigarette from the brass bannister with her ass, executed a delicate back flip, and, once upright, removed the burning smoke from her buttcheeks and took a long drag. The crowd went wild. She then picked up some torches, set them ablaze, and began to juggle, pausing occasionally to deep-throat some of the fire. We were in awe.

We were slowly brought out of our awe by the sound of the dude behind us shouting "Guys, Guys, Guys!" A redneck was trying to scream over Vince Neil on the jukebox. He was obviously eaten up with envy while watching this marvelous creature, who had started out with all the same stuff he had, yet had managed to do so much more with it.

"Shut the hell up," I screamed at him. All my people screamed with me. I began to lecture him coarsely. Because I was drunk, it leaned toward a vaguely Marxist, economics-based lecture about the crime of heckling the proletariat while at work. The redneck seemed stunned at the barrage of diatribes he was forced to endure. On stage, the tranny stripper continued to dazzle with a series of back flips. A bouncer materialized and ejected the redneck as "Girls, Girls, Girls" faded to its end. **oob**

Every issue, **adventure girl** sets off for another sex-capade. Like to see her make your fantasy her reality? Write it down and send it to: **On Our Backs**, 3415 César Chávez, Suite 101, San Francisco, CA, 94110; fax: 415-648-4705; e-mail: editorial@onourbacksmag.com.

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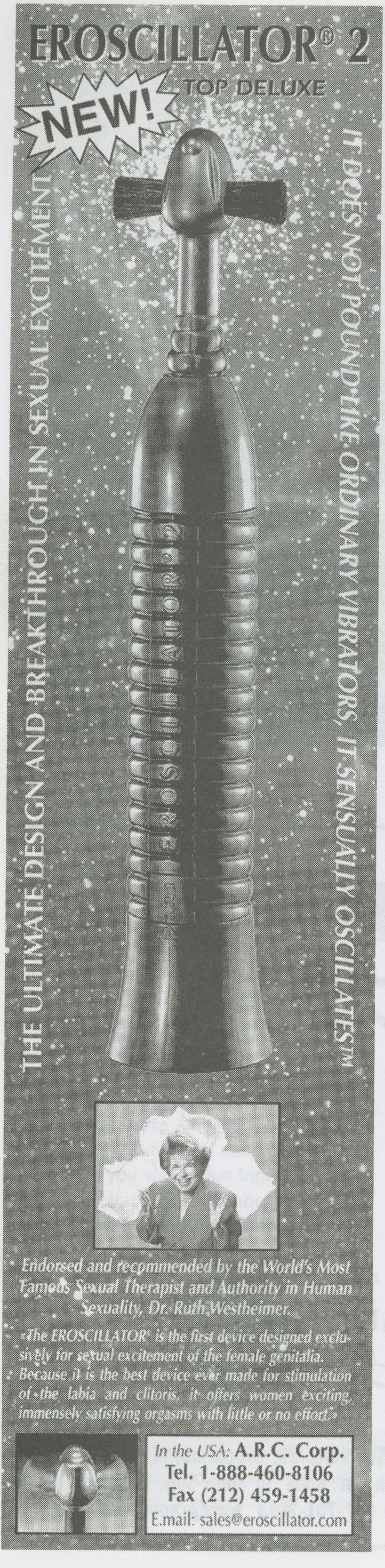

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CHLOE ATKINS

Fag Fantasy

I am a happy, well-adjusted, young lesbian. I haven't been with anyone for about three months now, and I find when I masturbate, I have to think of myself almost raping some guy's mouth with a cock or fucking some silly fag in the ass. I don't think I would ever want to do this in real life, and don't find myself attracted to boys. Is there something wrong with me?

One of the most important ideas raised in the seventies' debate on sexuality is the notion that whatever gets you wet gets you wet, and there is no shame in it. Your mind gets to go wherever it wants to in the pursuit of pleasure. Hell, you could even do it in real life and it would be okay. Sexuality is fluid: different things turn you on at different times in your life or different stages of development. Case in point: my emerging love of leathersex. My orgasms have changed over time and what turns me on has evolved, too.

Ben Wah Ball-Buster

I recently purchased a set of Ben Wah balls for my partner and I would like to know how to use them. I know that I insert them into the vagina but how do I use them to arouse her? Do I merely insert my finger into her vagina and move the balls around inside of her or is there some other technique that I am unaware of?

I've always found Ben Wah balls to be rather overrated. They are held in place, supposedly, by the muscles of the vagina: they were sold as vaginal exercisers and as purported arousal tools. Too small, they fall out. Too big, they fall out too, when she stands up. One woman was mortified when one fell out and crept down the leg of her pantyhose! Give them a try: if you can find a way to make them sexy for you both, great. I prefer to use hands, fingers, dildos, etc., myself.

Power Play

My girlfriend is great in bed. The only problem is that she really wants to run the show: she's a total top. And she doesn't take suggestions well at all. There are some things that I would like us to do together but I am afraid of upsetting her or seeming demanding if I ask. Since the sex is most often focused on me and my pleasure, I feel guilty about telling her what to do. Even when I do tell her she seems hurt which ends up turning me off. How can I get what I want and still keep her happy?

Ego has no place in the bedroom: if people are truly interested in their partners' pleasure they will welcome all suggestions on how to increase it. Often, if feedback is not well tolerated, it indicates insecurity or fear on the part of the other partner. "Total tops" have control issues: they want their partner to respond the way they need them to and have difficulty in being open to how they are actually responding. You have a right to pleasure the way you need it, period. Your fear of "hurting her feelings" is your own issue. My fear of standing up for my pleasure was based on my low self-esteem, co-dependence, and poor boundaries. Any barking back on your partner's part, or other attempts to silence you are bullying tactics. Speak to her practically: talk outside of the bedroom. If you can, try to point out the discrepency between her stated beliefs and her behavior. Don't be afraid of joint counseling: a neutral observer/mentor can help you both learn to speak and listen effectively.

Nina Hartley is a porn star and a registered nurse. Send your woes her way.
Fax: 415.648.4705; mail: Probe Nina,
3415 César Chavéz, Suite 101,
San Francisco, CA 94110;
e-mail: nina@onourbacksmag.com.

Suck Dyke Cock

by Rachel Venning

Sucking dyke dick is both a psychological and physical art. As dykes, we're somewhat lacking in the nerve-ending department, as far as our plastic penises go. But what we lack neurologically, we make up for in imagination and enthusiasm. Here are some tips from both sides of the harness to ensure that next time you get or give head it blows your mind.

1. Use a Realistic Cock.

Blow-jobs are no time to surprise your sweetie with one of those lavender dolphin dildos from the eighties, cute though they are. For decent dick-sucking you need a sexy number with a clearly defined shaft and head (maybe with a piss slit), and veins and balls if possible.

HOW QUEER IS THAT?

If I had a quarter for every time a dyke looking for her first strap-on (often at her girlfriend's urging) asked me "what's in it for me?" I'd have enough for a hand-me-down Harley. The dyke blow-job is the ultimate in gender bending sex theater, because really, what's in it for anyone? The answer is the old truism that our biggest sex organ is between our ears. The point is desire. The idea, the visual thrills, the feeling of power, the unique physical sensations, all combine to make our motors rev. A woman on either side of a dyke blow-job is as queer as can be, so don't be surprised if self-consciousness sets in. If you haven't done it before you may find yourself thinking something along the lines of "this is weird." Let the thought come up and, like a master of meditation, let it go. You're doing this because it feels good to you: whether it's that thick cock in your mouth, or watching your lover's head bob diligently up and down your shaft. Get into the perverse thrill of it, and when you've both come your guts out, give yourselves a pat on the back for being brave. It ain't easy being a dirty-minded sex freak (but at least it's not lonely).

2. Connect with Your Cock.

When you strap on the dick, take a few moments of private time to really connect with it. Touch it, rub it, and if you're packing, enjoy the feel of it pressing against your pants. Make sure that the base of the cock is right where it feels the most solid connection to your body.

3. Think Psychic Dick.

Although you don't have a flesh-and-blood penis, your mind can have a hard-on that's as raging as anyone's. The dildo is the physical expression of a psychic reality, and that dick can feel fantastic, rubber or not.

4. Do It Somewhere Nasty.

Something about cocksucking calls for dark alleys, bathroom stalls, and parked cars. Let the staging add to the sexiness.

5. Put on a Good Show.

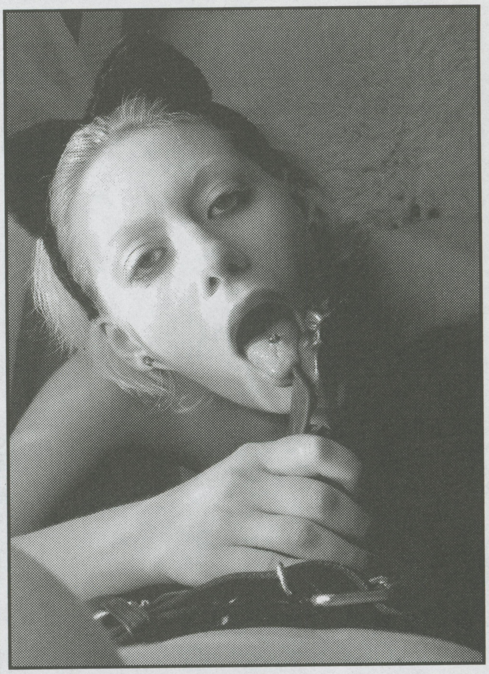
When you're sucking, remember that your playmate is getting off largely on imagination and the look of your hands, mouth, tongue, and head. So make sure there are good sight lines and keep your actions visible.

6. Add a Hand-Job.

Use your hand to push the base of the dick into her cunt. The most physical sensation for the receiver is going to come from that one point of contact, so make it work. Rhythmically thrusting with your hand along the shaft into the base while working the head in and out of your mouth gives both a visual and a physical thrill. Another good reason to hang on to the base of the dildo is to control the depth of the thrusts.

7. Go Deep.

If you can deep throat, do it. No matter what anyone's gender, that is always impressive and exciting.



DARKPLAY.NET

8. Get Real.

Treat the dildo like a real penis—focus on the things that feel good to bio-men: stroke the vein along the bottom, tongue the slit, gently tickle the balls.

9. Be Safe, Be Sexy.

If you like using condoms to keep the dildo clean, perhaps because it might go from your mouth to your cunt, to your partner's cunt to someone's ass, and back again, it's a great opportunity to show off that safe sex 101 trick in which you roll the condom on with your mouth. Practice first.

10. Add Some Buzz (or More).

If you want more genital stimulation than the psychic thrill or the base of the dildo pushing into your vulva can provide, consider tucking a small bullet-shaped vibrator between your harness and your clit (one harness, the "Buzz Me" from Stormy Leather, has a built in pouch for just this purpose). Some girls won't mind if you slip some fingers in their pussies while you're blowing. Others might find that upsets their psychic gender-bending state. So check in. A finger in the ass, however, is a perfect complement to any blow-job. **oob**

Rachel Venning is the cofounder of the sex toy shop Toys in Babeland and the publisher of the website babeland.com.

hot salsa

photography by Dave Naz

Name: Salsa

Age: 28

Identity: Polyamorous slut

Status: Open-minded and available

If you plan to take her to dinner it should be: Indian

Body part she notices first: The nose. I'm fascinated by noses.

Qualities that make her wet: Intelligence and chutzpah.

Her favorite place to fuck: I love having sex in a suspended sling.

The sex toy she wouldn't want to live without: My Hitachi Magic Wand…sigh.

Type she goes for: I love FTMs who resemble cute little boys. I like tall, slender butch women and men with huge toothy smiles, and I love super-femmey girls with lots of red lipstick.

What she was thinking about during the shoot: How cute I felt in my see-through panties!

The Embroidered Couch

by Lu Tian-Cheng

[Arsenal Pulp Press]

The Embroidered Couch is a newly published reprint of an ancient classic. Originally written around 1605 in China, the story is shockingly explicit. Characters quickly come to life, slipping easily in and out of each other's beds. The scenes are somewhat phallocentric, but interestingly, gay relationships are not maligned. Jin and her husband Easterngate are the main characters, soon joined by Easterngate's past male lover Dali and Jin's household slaves. What begins as fun, easy sex disintegrates into petty jealousy and revenge. The erotic scenes themselves, however, remain hot. Strange to think this vignette of open sexuality was published in a time when women's feet were bound and slavery was legal. Accompanied by beautiful, erotic woodcuts.

Bottom line: ancient, Asian, and arousing. **jp**

Hot and Bothered 3

edited by Karen X. Tulchinsky

[Arsenal Pulp Press]

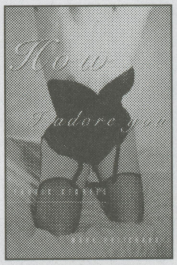
If the range of your desire as a lesbian ventures past trite descriptions of sexually charged and melodramatic relationships between best friends, then a quick read of this collection will leave you cold and frustrated. Fortunately each story is as short on length as it is on eroticism; however the anthology drags on with sixty-nine different ways to keep a horny dyke dry. Perhaps this book is an appropriate holiday gift for the blooming baby dyke in your extended family, but please don't expect it to keep you warm on a cold winter night.

Bottom line: short shorts that lack spark. **mc**

How I Adore You

by Mark Pritchard

[Cleis Press]



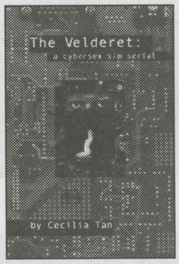
Pritchard's anthology of short stories is not for the faint of heart or politically correct. Besides the incest, there's also necrophilia, cannibalism, and snuff. There's not too much lesbian content *per se*, but many explicit girl-on-girl scenes as well as some mediocre gay male narratives. The final fifty-page short story, "Prom," drags on, desensitizing the reader with a constant stream of Grand Guignol. What might have been a hot, kinky tale devolves into sophomoric, stomach-churning, stream-of-consciousness stroke material. It's a disappointing performance from the publisher of the darkly fabulous defunct zine, *Frighten the Horses*. Pritchard's engaging style and interesting plot twists are the book's only saving graces.

Bottom line: twisted only need apply. **jp**

The Velderet: A Cybersex S/M Serial

by Cecilia Tan

[Circlet Press]



This fast-paced SM tale by renowned erotica writer Cecilia Tan transcends gender on many levels as it takes readers into an alternative world of SM. The scene is the future, where the state mandates equality in all areas, including sexuality. Kobi and Merin are roommates who experiment with SM by starting from scratch, not knowing what they are doing but knowing that they are intrinsically drawn to power play. What's fascinating about this novel is that it creates a futuristic universe complete with passion, love, kink, and homosexuality. Kobi and Merin not only create a world of SM play for themselves, but risk their lives to do so. This gripping, sexually charged novel will keep you turning pages to find out Kobi and Merin's fate. There's enough complexity, satire, and sexual exploration here to have you going back to reread it once you're done. SM players will appreciate the sexual dynamics and difficulties Kobi and Merin encounter as they seek to make SM play a vital part of their lives.

Bottom line: one-handed sci-fi page turner. **rkb**

Peepshow

by Melcher Media

[St. Martin's Press]

Peepshow is a naughty picture book, a sex toy, and a scientific marvel all rolled into one bubblegum-pink shiny binding. Cheesecake from the 1950s is reproduced on right-hand-side pages; the front cover unfolds into a 3-D viewing machine. When you look through the magnifying lenses at two almost identical views of the same eager pin-up, she merges with herself into a single, startling optical illusion involving naked breasts. This thrill is made possible by the theory of binocular vision, first eluci-

Stacked and smiling from *Peepshow*

review staff

rkb . Rachel Kramer Bussel
dc . Diana Cage
mc . Meghan Cooney
jp . Jen Phillips
vr . Virginia Rail

dated by Euclid in Ancient Greece: our right and left eyes each see a slightly different picture, allowing us to perceive depth.

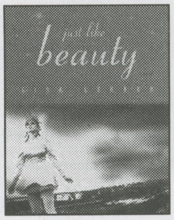
Long before ViewMaster exploited the phenomenon, Queen Victoria launched the stereopticon craze at the Crystal Palace Exhibition of 1851. Back then, the most popular subject was the Pyramids. Voyeurs will find the kinkiness implicit in having to stare through a contraption queerly pleasing.

Bottom line: a ViewMaster with boobs. **vr**

Just Like Beauty

by Lisa Lerner
[Farrar Straus & Giroux]

Fourteen-year-old Edie–hoping to prove to her doubtful mother that she can compete in the "erotic and other womanly arts"–rehearses for her town's annual Feminine Woman of Conscience Pageant by methodically performing oral sex on an inflatable dummy. The struggling Edie is distracted from the task at hand by mutant grasshoppers overtaking the landscape, bands of uber-violent teenage boys running amok, and her crush on the rebellious bad-girl next door. If that weren't enough, the townspeople are commiting cultish voluntary suicide. Part science fiction, part Kurt Vonnegut-inspired social satire, former *Bust* writer Lisa Lerner's first novel is an imaginative, if confusing, story about a young lesbian coming of age in an unwelcoming and inauthentic world. Lerner spends too much time detailing her exhausting dystopia and not enough time developing sweet Edie's burgeoning lesbianism (although the extended petting scenes between Edie and the object of her affection will get you reminiscing about sneaking off with the neighbor girl). Brave Edie makes good in the end, pleasing both her mother and her girlfriend and showing the townspeople what she's made of. Lerner's prose–though heavy-handed and gimmicky this time around–shows promise for her next novel.



Bottom line: propitious virgin effort. **dc**

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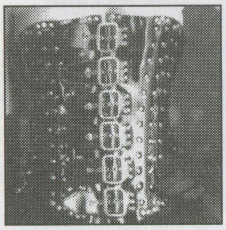
Special Holiday Gift Guide

We queried some of our naughtiest staff members to see what toys they've been lusting after. We hope it will give you some ideas for seducing your sweetie during the holidays.

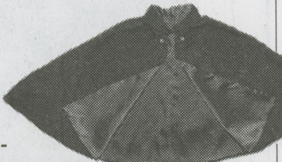
Michele Serchuk
associate photographer
I'd love to get the **Josephine Paddle**. It's a leather paddle, but it's only about ten inches long. It's twisted and braided to look like a rattan carpet beater. It's pleasing to the eye and it would fit in my purse. You never know when you'll need to paddle someone, so it's good to be prepared. [Leather Beaten, $50]

Bev Paet
graphic designer
I'm hoping for the **Warrior Corset**. Nothing like a strapped object to bring out the extrovert in this introvert. It's really one bad-ass, mean-looking corset! Totally the opposite of my demeanor. Plus it's covered with studs and straps and oh-so-fetishy looking. [Fetish-n-Leather, $600]



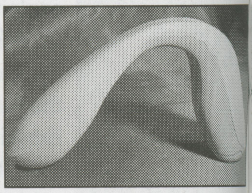
Heather Findlay
editor in chief
Being married to Alice, I already have everything, but being married to Alice, I go through a lot of lube. So for Christmas this year I'd like the 250-ml-sized bottle of **Liquid Silk** lube. It's water-based, so it's safe for toys and won't give me a yeast infection. But it also has a dollop of dimethicone, so it stays slick like the silicone-based lubes. And if all that weren't reason enough to make Liquid Silk my lube of choice, it's oderless, almost tasteless, and pearly white like a woman's natural juices. [Bodywise LTD, $13.95]

Diana Cage
associate editor
I'm just dying to own the foxy, vintage-looking **Nurse's Cape** from medicaltoys.com to complete my nurse uniform. It's so glamorous, with its red velvet lining, but it will keep me warm while traveling to fetish events, so it's practical too! [Medical Toys, $85]



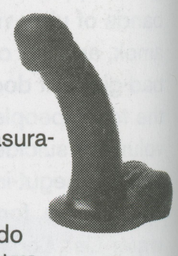
Meghan Cooney
account manager
Since I've been a bad girl this year, I hope that Santa punishes me with something black and hard on Christmas morning. If my holiday wish comes true, then I'll be wearing the Black Leather **Spanking Skirt** from Stormy Leather. The lace-up front skirt has an open rear, offering easy access to my naughty ass. [Stormy Leather, $215.95]

Rachel Kramer Bussel,
editorial assistant
I want a **Natural Contours Ultime Vibe** because it looks so exotic and delicious. It has a contoured shape that is designed to stimulate your G spot and clit at the same time. Plus it's got a sexy French name. [Natural Contours, $38]



Jen Phillips
assistant editor of Girlfriends
My pick is the **Hard Candy Vibrator** from Good Vibrations. It is 6 and 3/4" long and has a hard outer-shell so I can press it firmly against my G spot, and I just love the screaming, fire-engine-red color. [Doc Johnson, $20]

Tristan Taormino
editor
I want the **Bullseye Dildo** from Vixen Creations. It's the perfect cock! Made to perfection in both firmness and size, it's big enough for any orifice to feel its decadent magic, yet small enough to make intense thrusting, hard fucking, and deep-throat cocksucking not only manageable, but oh-so-pleasurable. Furthermore, I have no qualms about proclaiming Bullseye the ass-fucking dildo of the century. [Vixen Creations, $52]



click.it

Myvag.net

This is a fascinating site, all about its owner's vagina. There isn't much biographical information about the woman behind the site, but it's so much fun to read her thoughts about her pussy and what she does with it. A recent update features the connection between anal sex and her G spot. The site is also easily navigated and very user-friendly. **rkb**

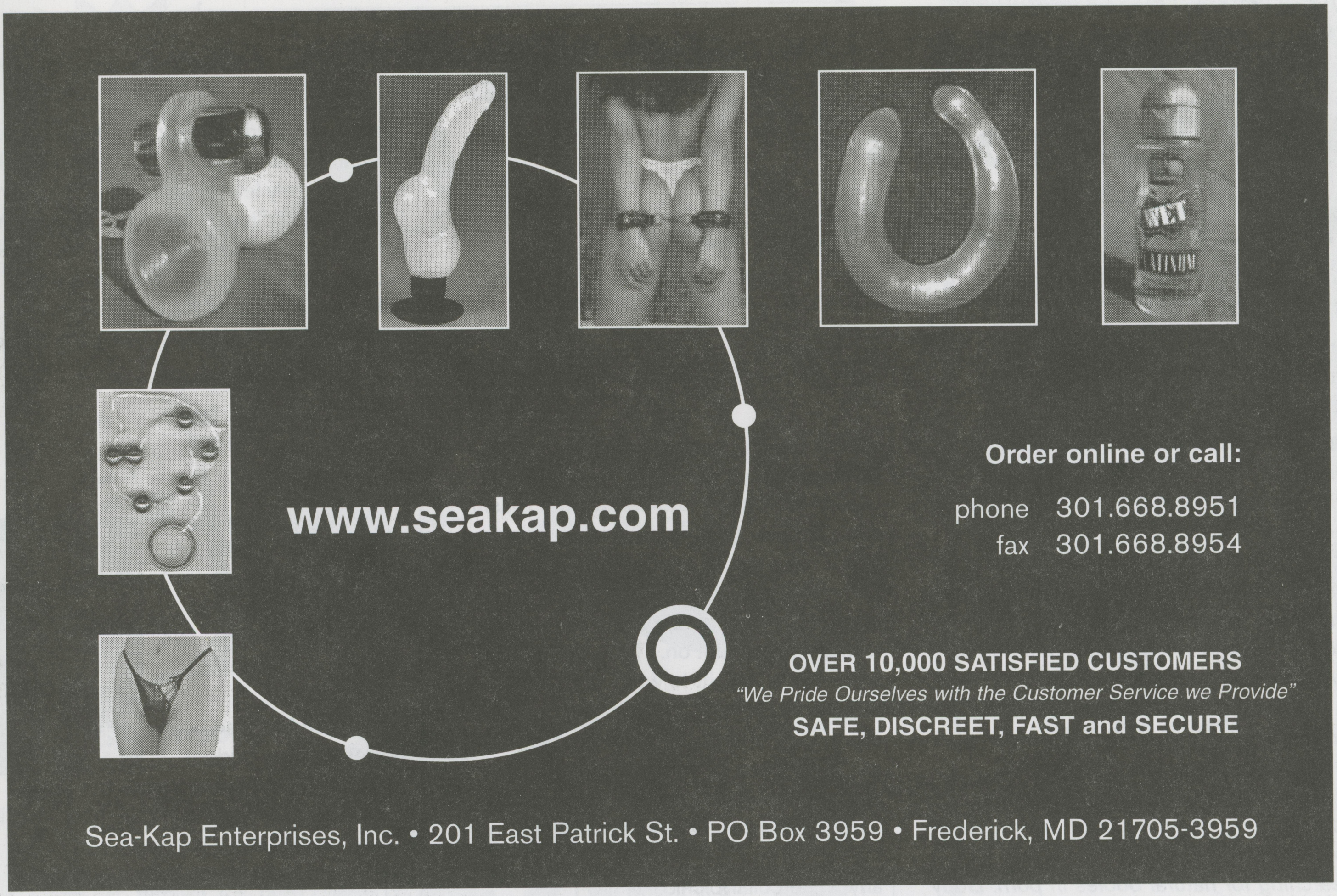
Chloe's finest asset

Chloexxx.com

Porn star Chloe makes her Web debut and gives her fans many more reasons to adore her. I liked reading all about her childhood and family (did you know her sister is also in porn?) and was fascinated to learn why she doesn't like having her pussy licked. Find out about her favorite scene, her secret for great anal sex, and more. You can also, of course, buy her movies, polaroids, and even specials like short custom videos. **rkb**

Brilliantsmut.com

Brilliant Smut, whose tag line is "because smart people want to get off too" is a new site dedicated to publishing some of the smartest erotica on the Web. With reviews, lots of fiction, and how-to's, it's got plenty to keep you occupied and aroused. This community-based site features an extensive chat area where users can discuss what they are reading and other smutty topics. Check out Lisa's Journal, about a woman who gets much more than just a manicure from her local spa. **rkb**



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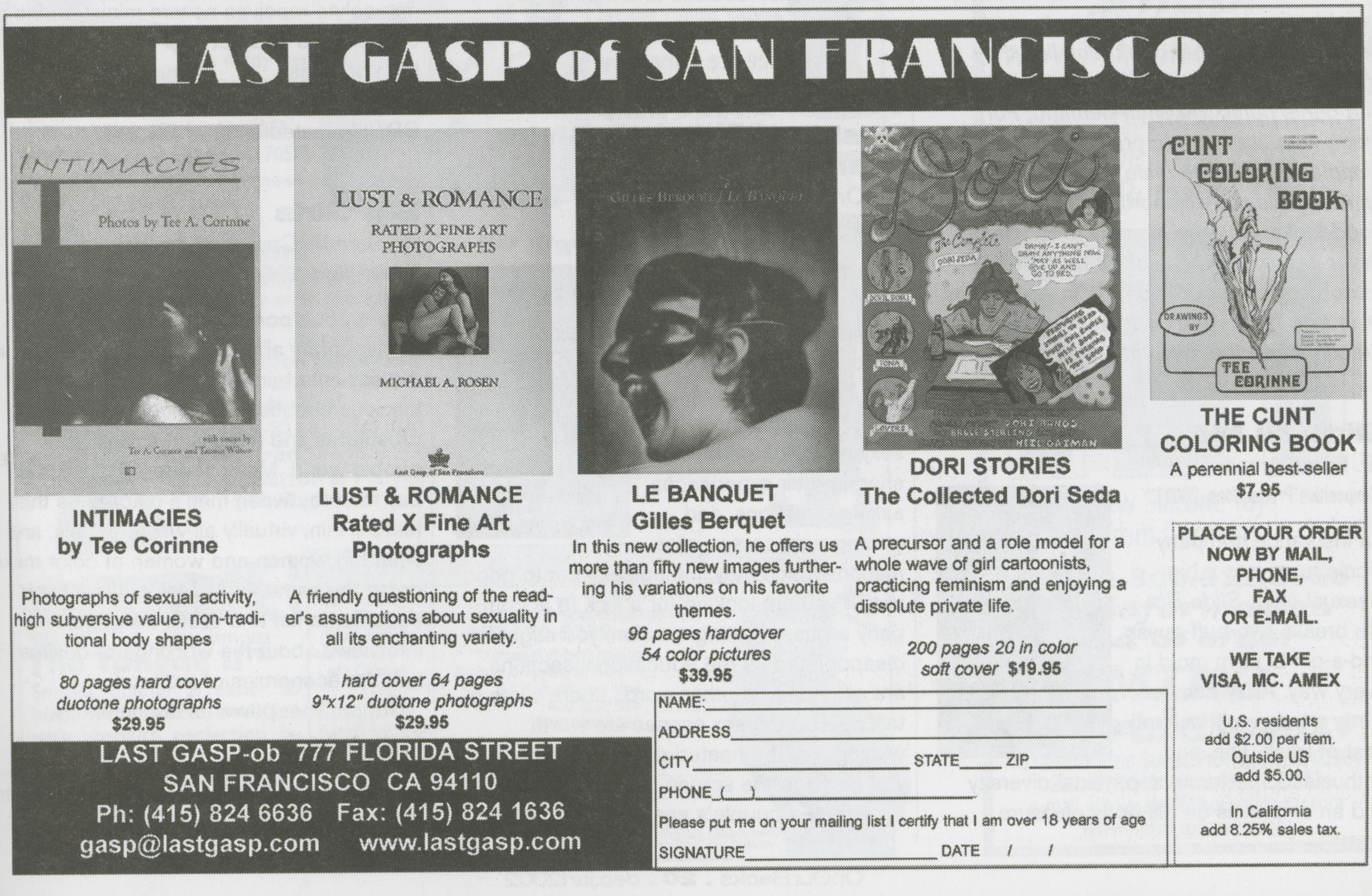

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Voluptuous Vixens on Video

Real bodies, really doing it

by Laura Weide

Non-enhanced. *What a strange term we've come up with to describe women who haven't undergone plastic surgery. To me, there is something weirdly unnatural when hair, breasts, and hips stay perfectly still through the motions of sex. People are supposed to jiggle when they fuck. While Hollywood and Simi Valley standards of hyper-thin, siliconed female beauty prevail in the images we receive, there are an extraordinary number of people who want to see themselves and their desires reflected in the rutting bodies on their screen. In my years hawking sex products I've heard innumerable women and men searching for natural bodies in porn. Body hair, love handles and belly rolls, wrinkles, variably sized and shaped breasts, and penises on men that don't look like they spent a week with their dick vaccu-locked in a penis pump are all in demand. For those who like straight porn, the biggest complaint about the male stars is that penis size is more important than overall good looks. And the majority of women never get to see themselves reflected as sex objects in movies, on TV, in magazines, or in skin flicks–and so it is with pleasure I recommend the following titles.*

Slide Bi Me

dir. Felice Amador
[Sexpositive Productions, 2001]

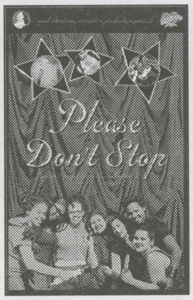
Slide bi Me
It's a bisexual picnic!

An insurance company picnic turns into a big bisexual orgy. *Slide Bi Me* breaks two-buff-guys-and-a-girl bi porn mold in every way. Artsy camera work, a truly multi-cultural cast of fresh, fine, and enthusiastic performers, physical diversity and an emphasis on full-body pleasure ensure the group sex scenes, trios, and pairings are hot. The guys are cast for their overall good looks and sexual enthusiasm more than for their penis size or ability to shoot big wads of spooge across a room. I personally loved that the girl-dicks were the largest members in the scenes when women strapped it on. The build up of arousal is a delight to watch and the director captures a dynamic and full-bodied experience of orgasm rather than the standard focus on the end product. And the sex is sweet–there are more smiles and giggling and exchanges of sweet looks than you'll find in other porn movies–or at any white-collar picnic.

Bottom line: luscious bi romping, no remote needed.

Please Don't Stop: Lesbian Guide to Giving It and Getting It

dir. Oriana Bolden
[Sexpositive Productions, 2001]



Kudos to Sex Positive Productions for making the first-ever, all lesbians of color dyke sex video. This how-to is one of a kind. You see a smart and sexy group of friends sharing their experiences, asking questions, and getting right-on sex information–which they immediately put to good use. If you are looking for a flick to accompany a pussy-petting session, you might be disappointed as the educational sections are extended–in other words, there's lots of talking. But the sex scenes are worth waiting for. The heated opening will keep you glued to the screen, and the sexy vignettes–a couple's anal play first, a sexy masturbation strip, and hot, squirty sex in a mechanics garage–show the women applying their newly learned lessons at home. *Please Don't Stop* conveys the sex information that many dykes are looking for without succumbing to the hackneyed and boring "talking heads of the experts" format.

Bottom line: hot demos, too much talking.

Fat Chicks in Bondage #2

[RedBoard Video, 1999]

FAT CHICKS 2
Bondage
Big, Fat & Lookin' For A Lickin'!

If you can get over the offensive tone of the title, you are in for a tasty serving of enthusiastic and intense canings, role play, cat fighting, hot wax, and more. Unfortunately, these movies are low budget; the sound and lighting are pretty poor. My favorite in this series is #2; as it captures a number of exquisite moments: A punky top brings out sweet little girl energy in her big beautiful bottom, an acolyte receives severe ministrations of clothes-pins and hot wax from a pagan high priestess.

Bottom line: enthusiastic, big-hearted BDSM amateurs.

Big Girls

dir. Sara McCool
[Fat Girl Militia, 1999]

This is not a porn flick but rather a documentary about big beautiful women in the sex entertainment industry. Powerful, luscious beauties talk about being prostitutes and models in a racist, fat-phobic world. McCool offers statistics on pay rates between men's magazines that feature thin, virtually all-white models, and what big women and women of color make doing the same work. McCool is a great documentarian and elicits insightful interviews about the workings of desires and the economies of sex work.

Bottom line: powerful documentary, fierce subject.

Laura Weide is a sex educator, writer, and the Web editor at babeland.com.

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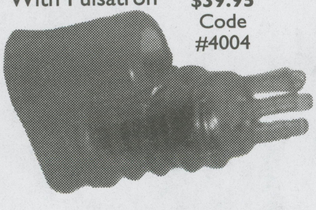

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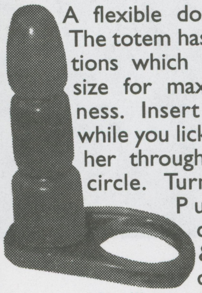

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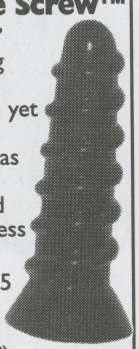

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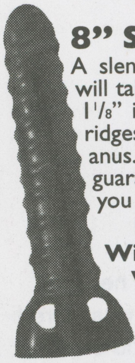

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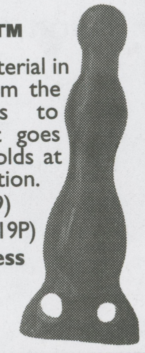

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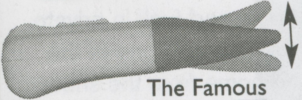

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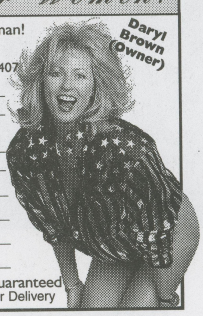

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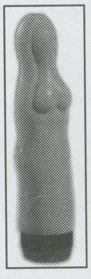

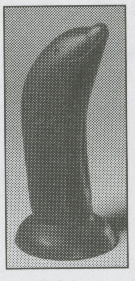

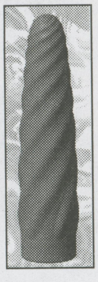

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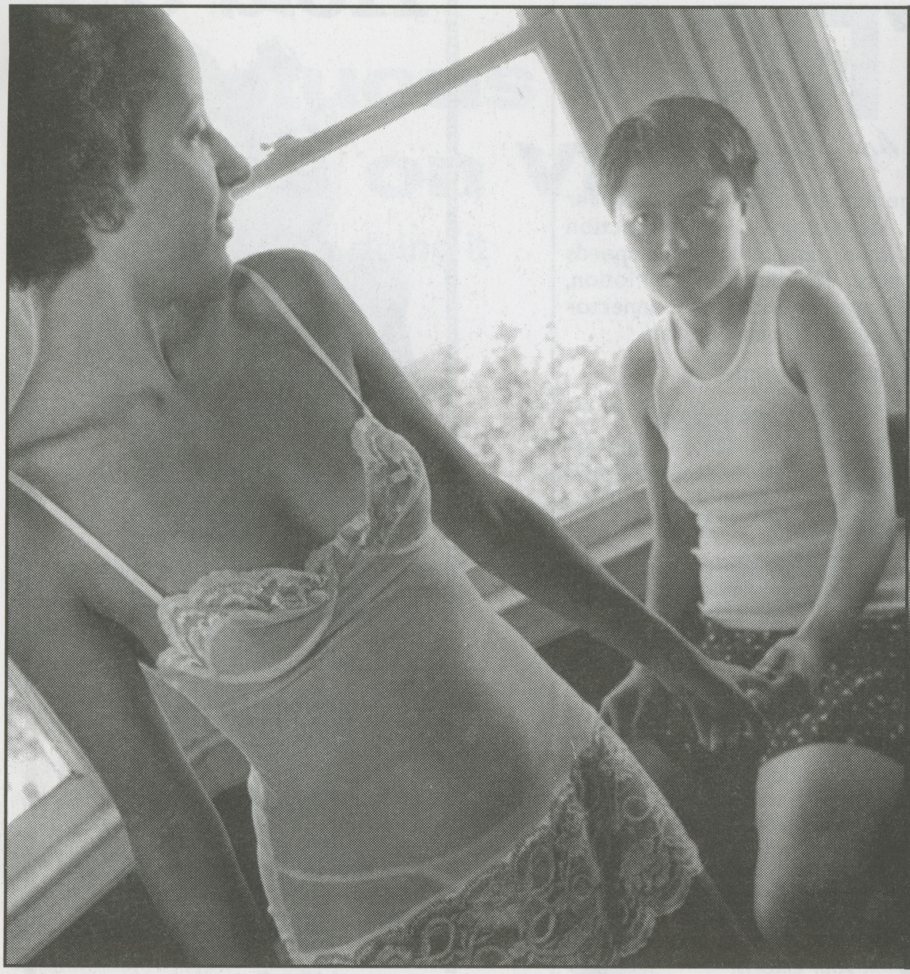
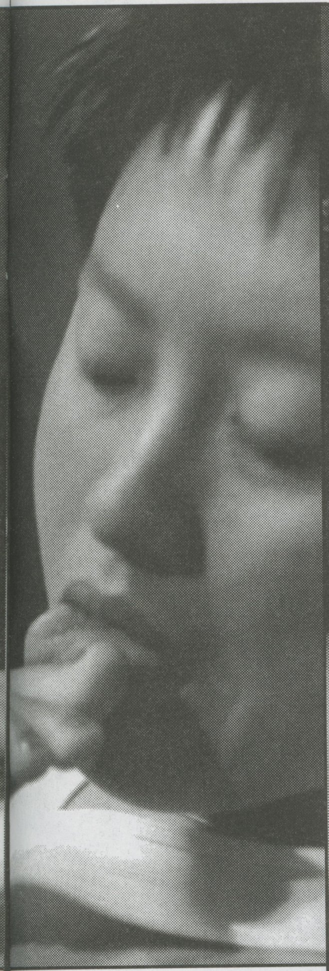


Amy and Cheri

In Love–and Coming to an Adult Theater Near You

photography by
Phyllis Christopher

Amy and Cheri are two of the stars in S.I.R. video's newest dyke porn flick *Sugar High Glitter City*. "The shoot was incredible," said Amy. "Fucking Cheri in front of the cast and crew made me so hot I couldn't wait to get home and fuck in private. It was totally exhausting, but the crew said we had one of the hottest scenes in the film." They returned home from the shoot spent and happy but still wanted to go for another round. Amy stripped down and led her lover over to the bed. Cheri sucked her toes until Amy started pleading for cock. When Amy just couldn't wait any longer, Cheri strapped it on and rewarded her for all her hard work. **dc**



OnOurBacks
THE BEST OF LESBIAN SEX

Pussy Pioneer

Photographer Tee Corinne looks back on a quarter century of capturing cunts on film

by Tristan Taormino • photography by Tee Corinne

Celebrated artist, writer, and photographer Tee Corinne has never shied away from her primary inspiration–pussy. For twenty-five years, Corinne has been drawing, photographing, and chronicling cunts, and has become well known for getting up close and personal with her subject matter.

One of Corinne's earliest works, *The Cunt Coloring Book,* is also her best known. In the mid-seventies, the artist asked all her friends if she could draw their vulvas; when she self-published the resulting series of pen and ink pussies in 1975 it caused immediate controversy. Rereleased in the nineties by Last Gasp, *The Cunt Coloring Book* remains a popular seller. The sex-toy store Toys in Babeland, for example, counts it among their steadiest selling titles.

Throughout the seventies, the emerging Amazon photographed women's private parts–as well as lesbians kissing and having sex. But she struggled to exhibit her work in a climate of anti-pornography activism, homophobia, and censorship. In 1986, **On Our Backs** published several photos from Corinne's *Isis and Madonna* series, close-up images of cunts set against pictures of landscapes. (Corinne calls them "labia in natural settings.") Corinne followed up by collaborating with Good Vibrations founder Joani Blank on 1993's *Femalia*, which features a collection of gynecologically intimate photos of women's genitalia. Her work has since appeared in many books from Blank's *I Am My Lover* to *Lesbian Art in America*.

Currently living in Southern Oregon, Corinne continues to take pussy pics. To support herself, she teaches, writes, and sells her photos to galleries and individual collectors. Just before her 58th birthday ("I'm a double Scorpio with a Capricorn moon"), **On Our Backs** got together with Corinne to talk about her years of sexual experimentation in San Francisco, her passion for photographing cunts, her fight against censorship, and her new twenty-five-year retrospective, *Intimacies.*

On Our Backs: You were pussy-positive way before it was hip or cool to be. Did you ever fear or experience being ostracized by other lesbians?

Tee Corinne: I had a missionary zeal back then. It carried me past my critics. I worried more about the U.S. Postal Service coming to get me, but they never did.

OOB: The Postal Service may not have tried to stop you, but plenty of others did, including various printers, bookstores, galleries, as well as Canadian Customs and Women Against Pornography. Do you still face that today?

TC: It always comes as a surprise and usually from some unexpected direction.

OOB: San Francisco in the seventies really shaped your sexuality and your work–how did the community affect you and your vision?

TC: It was a great city to party in, to have lots of partners, lots of different sexual encounters, to try out different kinds of relationships. It was also a terrific place to learn to talk about sex. When I was training to work on the San Francisco Sex Information Switchboard, I found I couldn't say *finger-fucking*. I just couldn't get the words out of my mouth.

OOB: Did you ever imagine that *The Cunt Coloring Book* and *Femalia* would still be popular today? What do you think accounts for this?

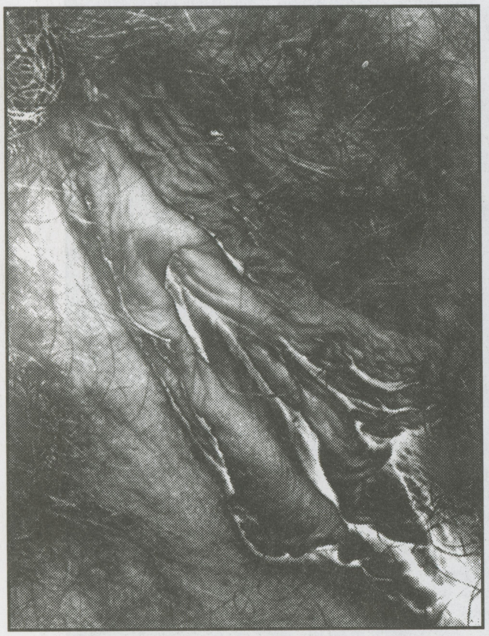
TC: It's because they are sex-positive, informative, and fun.

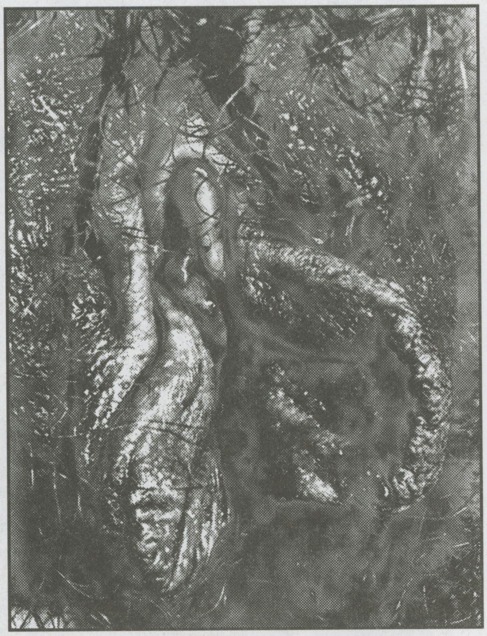
OOB: You were a contributor in the early days of **On Our Backs**. How do you think the magazine has changed since your photos first appeared in it?

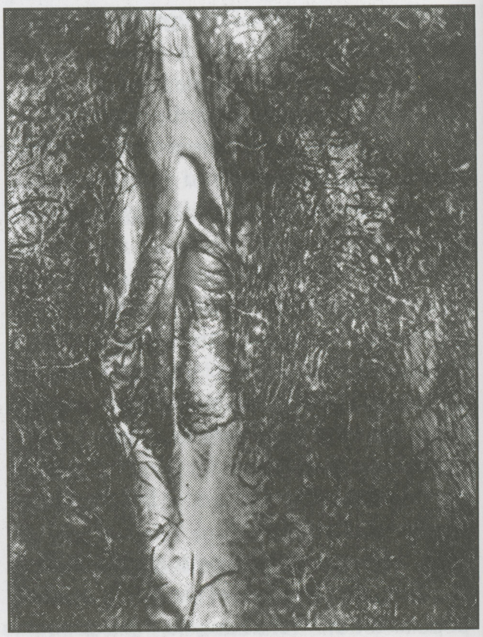
TC: I think the biggest change has happened in the culture at large, in the awareness that there is an audience for the magazine. Before **On Our Backs**, it was not generally believed that lesbians would want to look at and read sexual material that was so *in your face*. **On Our Backs** turned that misconception around.

OOB: You use various techniques to manipulate your pictures–including solarization, double exposure, and, perhaps the one you're most well known for: embedding

"i realized that for me, the CUNT is central to LESBIAN SEX, a prime site of physical and visual intensity."







cunt pictures in natural landscapes. What drives you to do this?

TC: I think the final result is beautiful and transcendent.

OOB: In Tamsin Wilton's introduction to the book, she writes about your "consciously romantic approach" to portraying lesbian sex. Do you agree with her comment, and *is* that a conscious choice on your part, to represent lesbians as nice, gentle, and sweet?

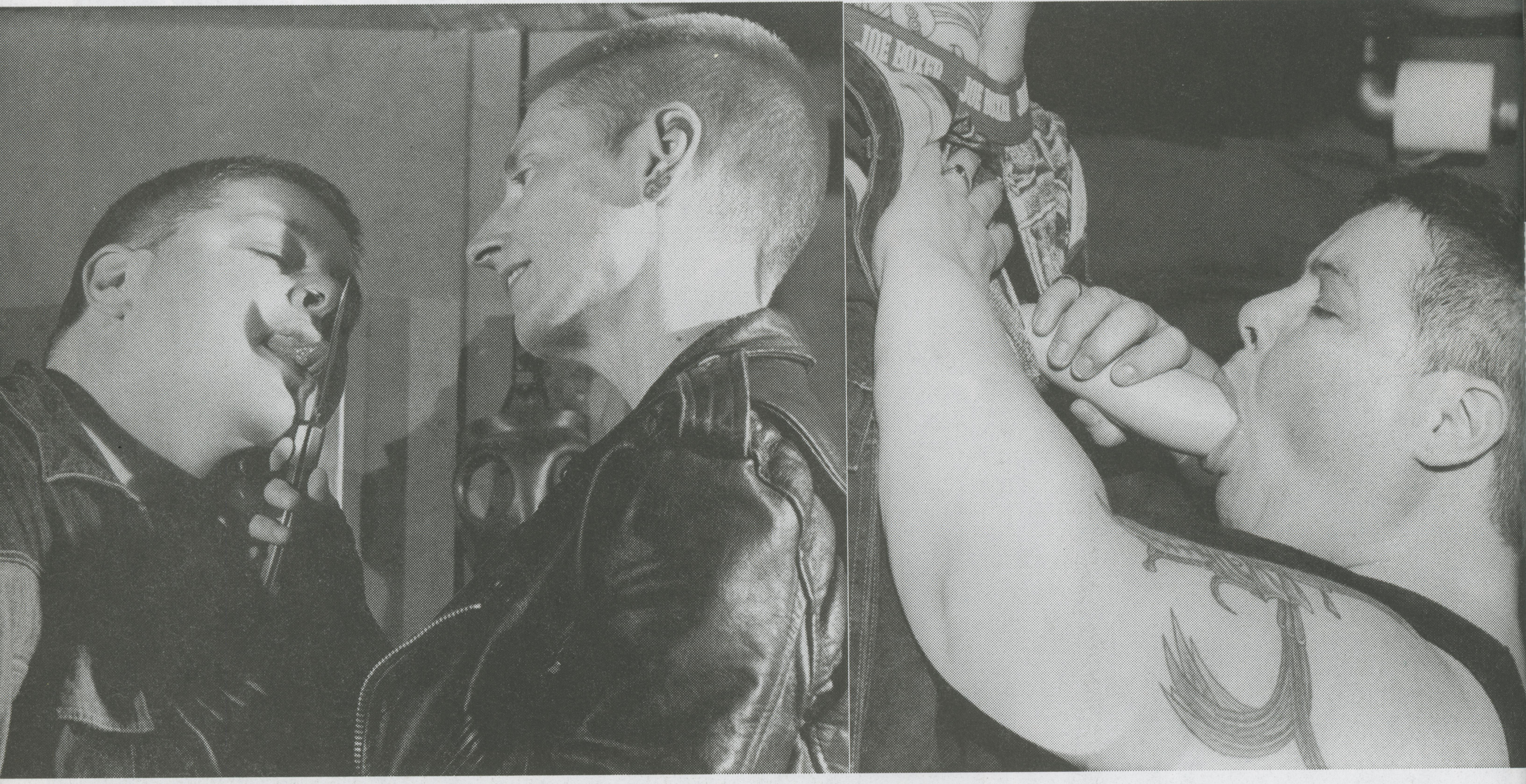
TC: I would use the word "loving."

OOB: What was the process of putting together *Intimacies* like?

TC: In many ways, *Intimacies* is a summary of my visual thinking about women's sexuality during the past twenty-five years. I reworked older images, made new images, and rethought the importance of labia pictures. I realized that for me, the cunt is central to lesbian sex, a prime site of physical and visual intensity. And it is as scary an image to some—maybe many—women now as it was when women such as Betty Dodson, Judy Chicago, and I started prioritizing it in the 1970s.

OOB: Pussy is clearly your passion. But do you consider yourself a pornographer?

TC: No. Porn, by its nature, tends to be on the low end of the aesthetic scale. I have always wanted to make art, in the high art sense, out of sexuality. You know—seven years of art school, three degrees—I want my images to cover museum walls. **oob**

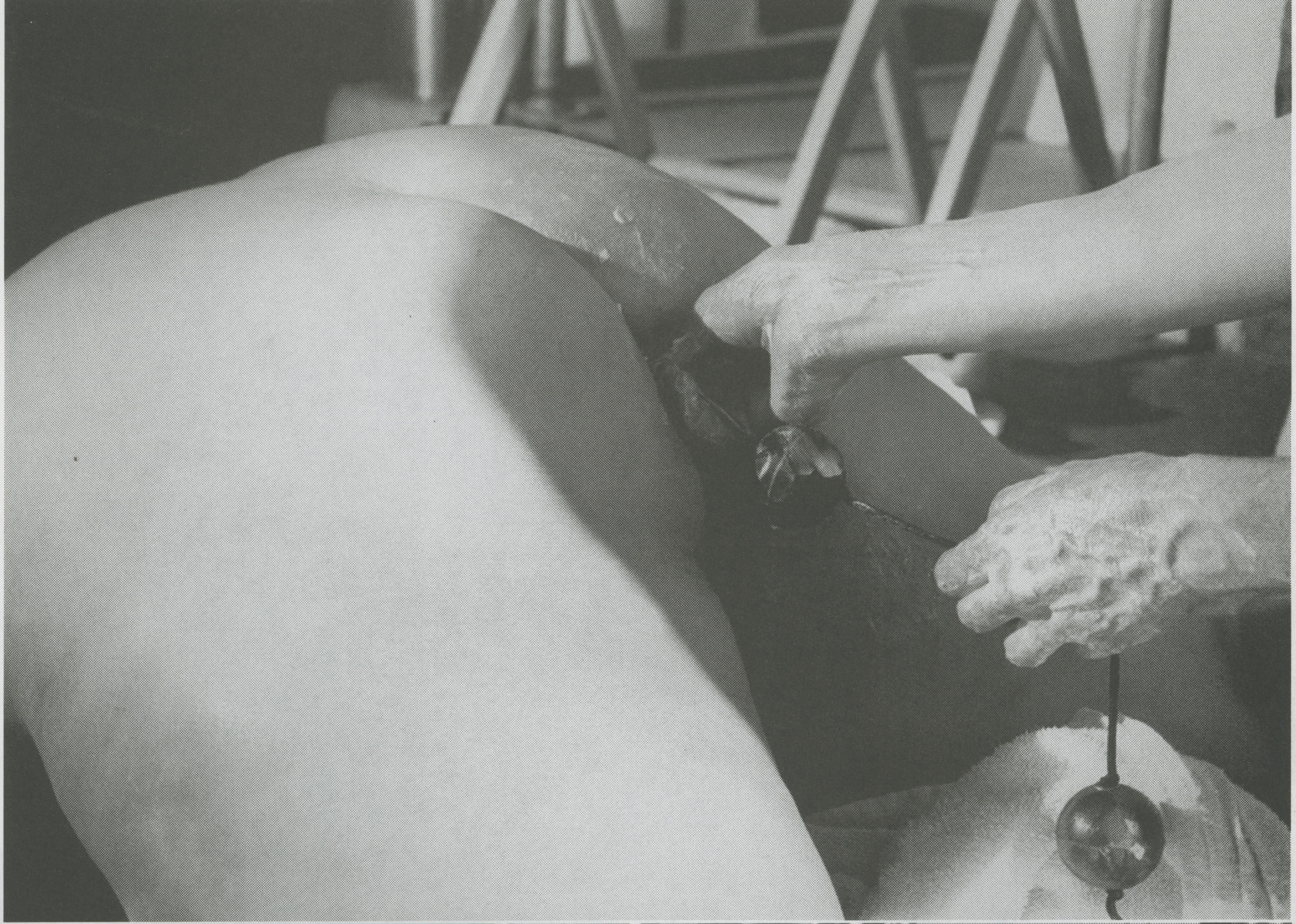


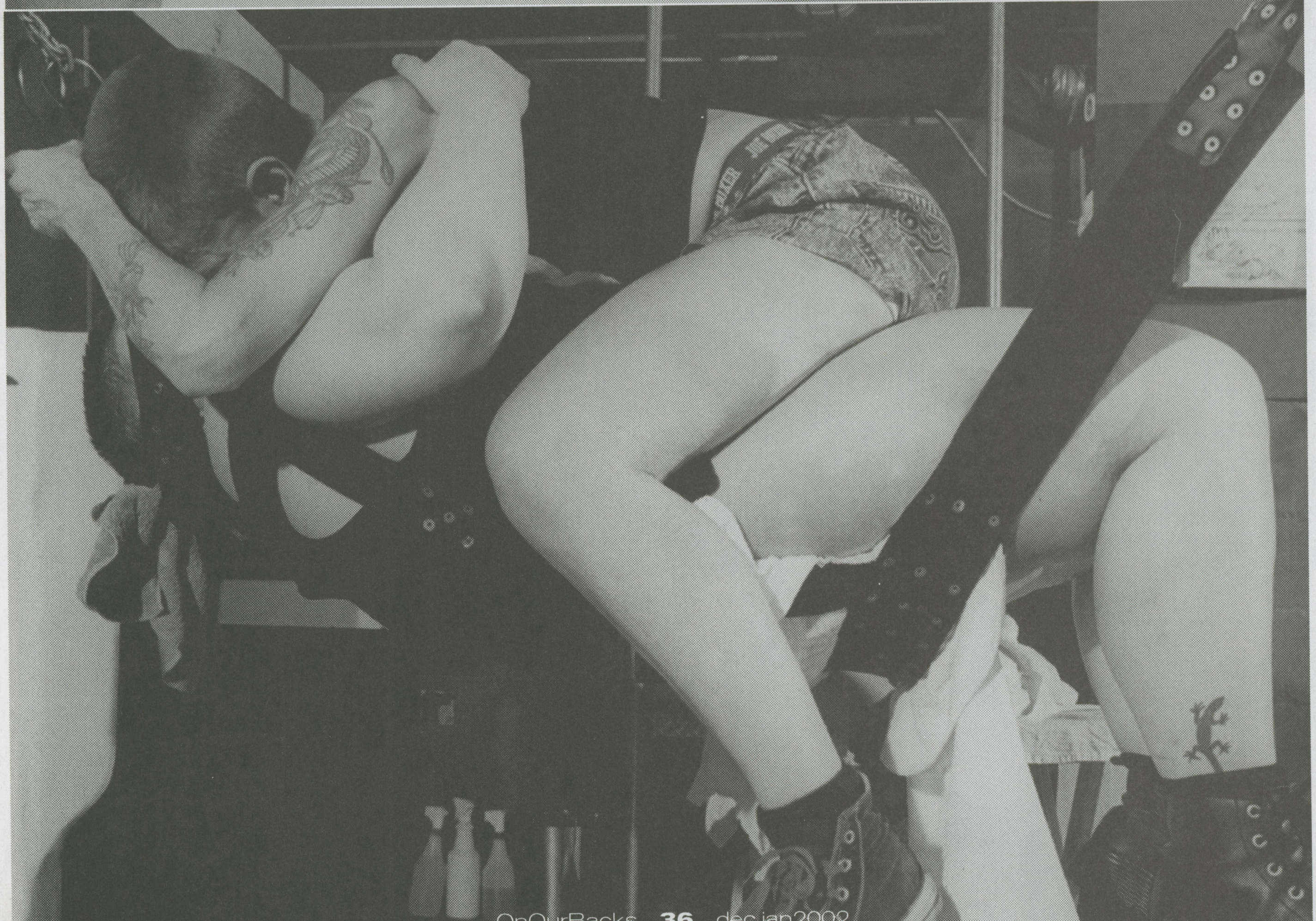
HARD-CORE HANDBALL

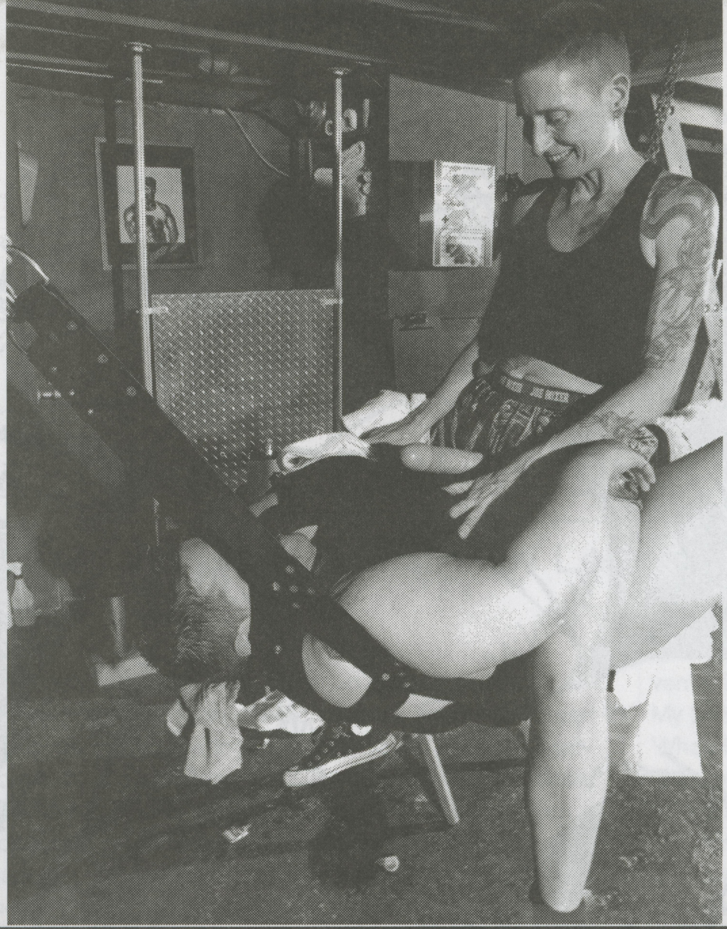
Leather lovers Lydia + Blue

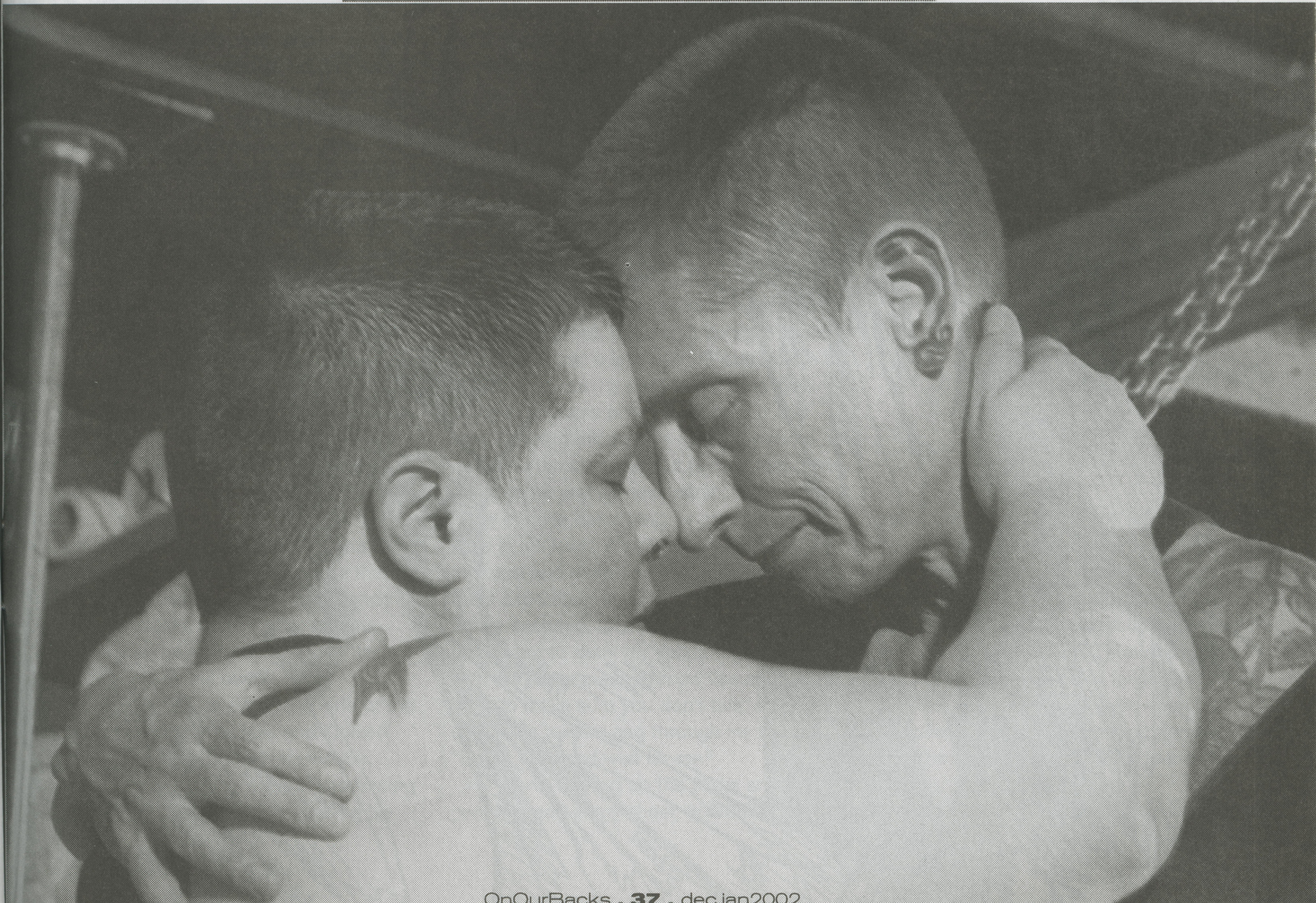
photography by
Amy Hunter

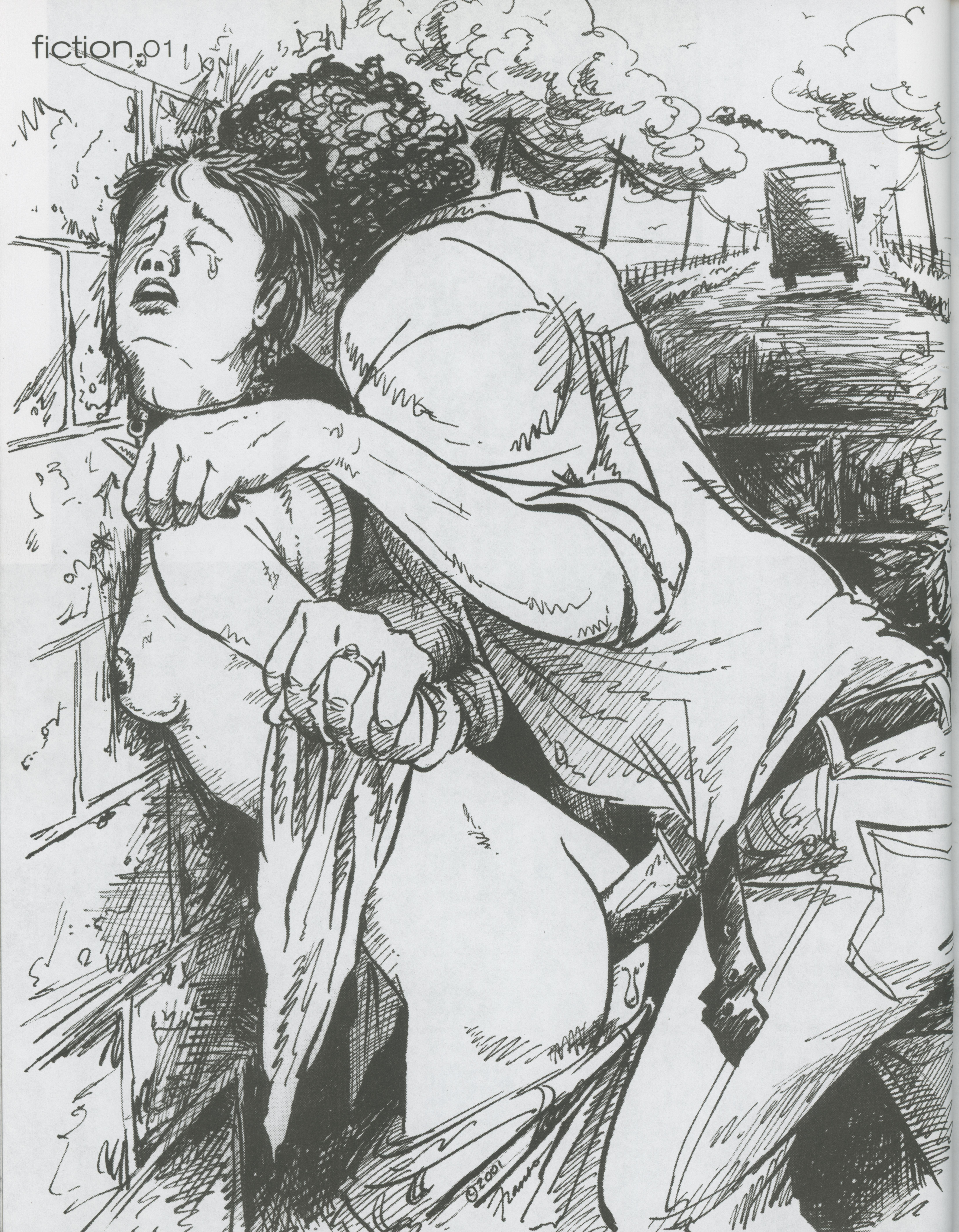
Lydia wanted to surprise her lover Blue by acting out one of their favorite fantasies. She booked time at a local dungeon and set out the props and lube for a hard-core handballing scene. After ensuring everything was perfect, she brought in her eager lover. When Blue spied the toys and Crisco, she knew what she was in for and her eyes lit up with passion. Lydia warmed up by forcing Blue to worship her knife. After Blue had licked the blade reverently, Lydia cut off Blue's bike shorts and teased her ass with fingers until the big butch bottom was begging for a fist. Lydia lubed up and went in slowly until her entire hand was consumed by her lover's ass. **dc**







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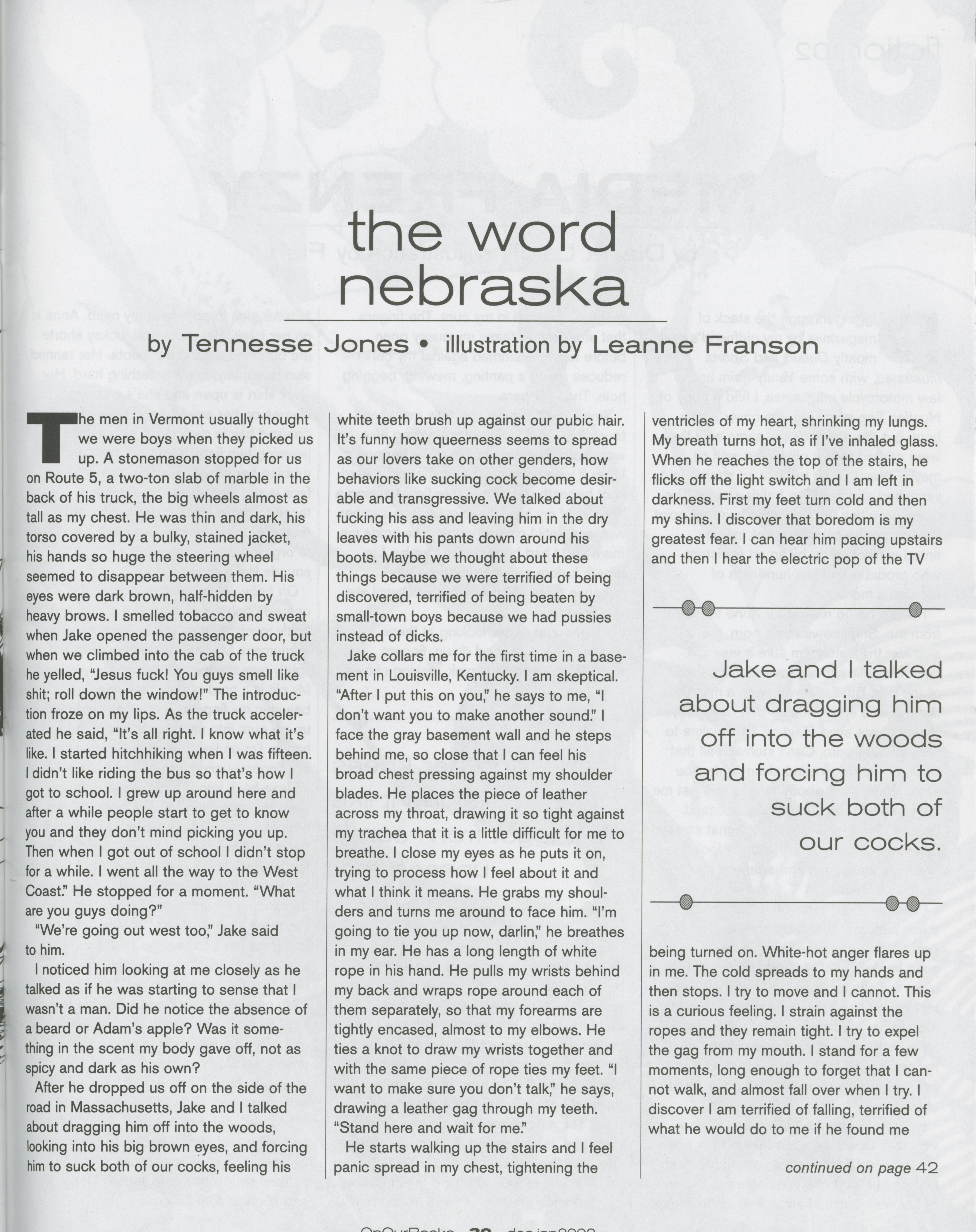


the word nebraska

by Tennesse Jones • illustration by Leanne Franson

The men in Vermont usually thought we were boys when they picked us up. A stonemason stopped for us on Route 5, a two-ton slab of marble in the back of his truck, the big wheels almost as tall as my chest. He was thin and dark, his torso covered by a bulky, stained jacket, his hands so huge the steering wheel seemed to disappear between them. His eyes were dark brown, half-hidden by heavy brows. I smelled tobacco and sweat when Jake opened the passenger door, but when we climbed into the cab of the truck he yelled, "Jesus fuck! You guys smell like shit; roll down the window!" The introduction froze on my lips. As the truck accelerated he said, "It's all right. I know what it's like. I started hitchhiking when I was fifteen. I didn't like riding the bus so that's how I got to school. I grew up around here and after a while people start to get to know you and they don't mind picking you up. Then when I got out of school I didn't stop for a while. I went all the way to the West Coast." He stopped for a moment. "What are you guys doing?"

"We're going out west too," Jake said to him.

I noticed him looking at me closely as he talked as if he was starting to sense that I wasn't a man. Did he notice the absence of a beard or Adam's apple? Was it something in the scent my body gave off, not as spicy and dark as his own?

After he dropped us off on the side of the road in Massachusetts, Jake and I talked about dragging him off into the woods, looking into his big brown eyes, and forcing him to suck both of our cocks, feeling his white teeth brush up against our pubic hair. It's funny how queerness seems to spread as our lovers take on other genders, how behaviors like sucking cock become desirable and transgressive. We talked about fucking his ass and leaving him in the dry leaves with his pants down around his boots. Maybe we thought about these things because we were terrified of being discovered, terrified of being beaten by small-town boys because we had pussies instead of dicks.

Jake collars me for the first time in a basement in Louisville, Kentucky. I am skeptical. "After I put this on you," he says to me, "I don't want you to make another sound." I face the gray basement wall and he steps behind me, so close that I can feel his broad chest pressing against my shoulder blades. He places the piece of leather across my throat, drawing it so tight against my trachea that it is a little difficult for me to breathe. I close my eyes as he puts it on, trying to process how I feel about it and what I think it means. He grabs my shoulders and turns me around to face him. "I'm going to tie you up now, darlin," he breathes in my ear. He has a long length of white rope in his hand. He pulls my wrists behind my back and wraps rope around each of them separately, so that my forearms are tightly encased, almost to my elbows. He ties a knot to draw my wrists together and with the same piece of rope ties my feet. "I want to make sure you don't talk," he says, drawing a leather gag through my teeth. "Stand here and wait for me."

He starts walking up the stairs and I feel panic spread in my chest, tightening the ventricles of my heart, shrinking my lungs. My breath turns hot, as if I've inhaled glass. When he reaches the top of the stairs, he flicks off the light switch and I am left in darkness. First my feet turn cold and then my shins. I discover that boredom is my greatest fear. I can hear him pacing upstairs and then I hear the electric pop of the TV being turned on. White-hot anger flares up in me. The cold spreads to my hands and then stops. I try to move and I cannot. This is a curious feeling. I strain against the ropes and they remain tight. I try to expel the gag from my mouth. I stand for a few moments, long enough to forget that I cannot walk, and almost fall over when I try. I discover I am terrified of falling, terrified of what he would do to me if he found me

> Jake and I talked about dragging him off into the woods and forcing him to suck both of our cocks.

continued on page 42

MEDIA FRENZY

by Diana Leigh • illustration by Fish

Digging through the stack of magazines by my girlfriend's bed, mostly *Details* and *Sports Illustrated,* with some *Vanity Fairs* and a few motorcycle magazines, I find a copy of *Hustler*. Two years old, the cover a little bent, but the girls look the same as if they were printed today: glistening with oil, or maybe sweat. Their breasts jut straight out, varnished and hard like holiday hams. Their cunts have tiny tufts of pubic hair that point the way to the carnation-pink insides, tinted in Photoshop by an art assistant who probably pinkens hundreds of pussies a month.

There'd be no reason for Anne to hide it from me. She knows I love porn, the skankier the better. I'm sure it was just coincidentally shoved toward the bottom of the pile. But I've never seen a magazine like this one in her house. She never buys the stuff, not even *Playboy*. She claims to hate straight porn. Can't stomach all that cock, or the long-nailed skinny girls, she says. When I talk about images that get me hot–girls tied-up, submissive, debased, begging for it–she reminds me that she still has feminist sensibilities and the look she gives me makes me embarrassed by my traitorous libido.

I wonder if she jerks off while looking at these pictures. Suddenly I realize that in the year we've been together, I've never once seen her jerk off. I've prodded myself with every toy she owns as well as a few juicy-looking kitchen implements. I've pranced around her studio apartment naked save for a buttplug in my ass and clamps on my nipples, all for her enjoyment. But she has never once reciprocated. *I'm a voyeur*, she says.

How does she do it? Does she use a vibrator? Does she even take off her pants? I picture her thick fingers parting her bush, finding her hard clit. The fingers at the end of her well-muscled arms. The same fingers that feel so good in my cunt. The fingers that she uses to tease my pussy open before her fist–jammed against my cervix–reduces me to a panting, mewing, begging hole. Those fingers.

Small, hard circles, she tells me when I touch her. As if I would try anything else. I want nothing more than to make her come. I love it when she tenses up, her clit a hard knot beneath my tongue, her fist clutching a handful of my hair, shoving my face into her wetness until I can't breathe. She holds me there and I had better hope I took a big breath before she started to go off–because there will be no more air until she she finishes.

The thought of her looking at these pictures, jeans pushed down, fingers dipping into wet, salty pink, making circles, furtively putting in a digit or two and then banging herself silly, *oh god*, it makes me wet. I clench my thighs together and concentrate on the heat in my crotch as I turn the pages. I wonder which spread does it for her the most? I bet it's the voluptuous black chick with the retro hairdo getting all the anal action. Yeah, that's the one, all right. The model's pretty face gives a mixed message. Is she saying "fuck me harder" or "get that thing out of my ass"? Your choice.

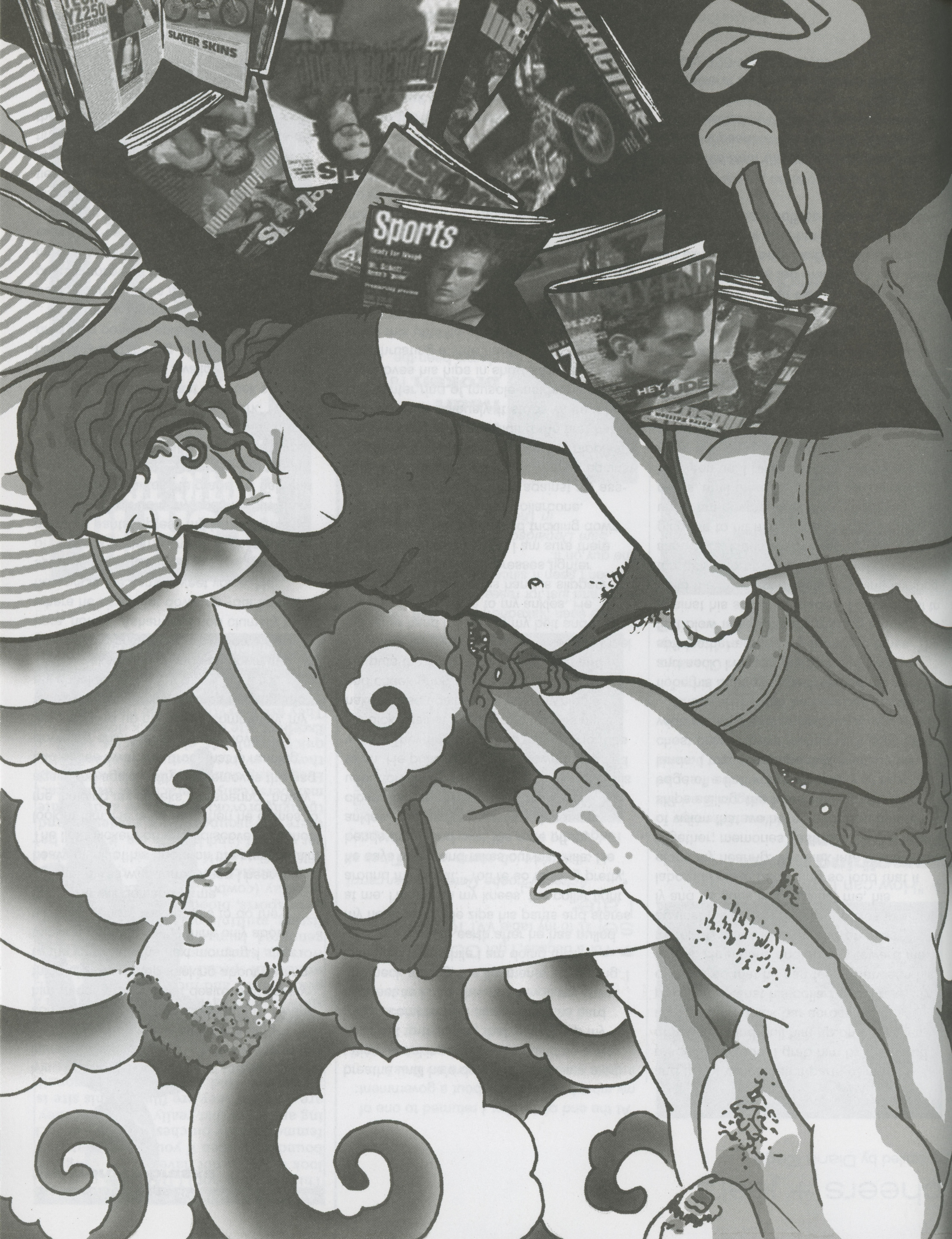
she's on her knees taking it like a faggot from some unseen top.

The image is too much and my throbbing clit demands attention. I push my skirt up, *Hustler* girls forgotten; in my mind, Anne is on her back. Her jeans and jockey shorts are bunched around her boots. Her tanned skin is clammy, she's breathing hard. Her work shirt is open and she's wearing clamps on her small hard nipples. Her crewcut hair is damp with sweat. She's jamming two fingers into her cunt and rubbing her clit at the same time. Her face is red, and all her muscles are tensed. She swears under her breath *fuckfuckfuckfuck* as her fingers push her closer to orgasm. She groans and it sounds like a growl.

Oh baby, let yourself go, I think. *Let it come.* I push my panties to the side and softly touch my own pussy. I'm slick with excitement. My fingers move quickly and lightly over my lips, spreading the wetness. My clit is a hard button, a marble. I roll it between my fingers. The excitement climbs up my cunt into my breasts and arms and hands. I'm on fire. Everything–pussy, ass, clit, fingers–united into one ball of tight heat.

I lean back into the pillows and go to town on my aching clit. My fantasy Anne is breathing hard. She's moaning loudly. I flip her over. She's on her knees taking it like a faggot from some unseen top. She's yelling her head off, bucking against a hard cock, demanding it harder, faster, more. In real life, Anne comes quietly. She grunts softly and jerks her body off the bed. I'm the screamer. Sometimes she fucks me so hard that I'm hoarse the next day.

My orgasm is quick and salty, like fast food. I come with a mixture of pleasure and guilt. Panties back in place, skirt down, the blush on my chest and neck begins to fade. Does Anne know what I just did to her? Should I mention that I found her secret porn stash? I close the magazine and stick it back into the middle of the pile, right where it was before, nestled snugly between Johnny Depp and Michael Jordan. **oob**



YZ250
SLATER SKINS
PRACTICE
Sports
VANITY FAIR
HEY DUDE

continued from page 39

the word nebraska

lying on the dirty concrete of the floor instead of standing.

After a while I feel myself becoming someone else. I am no longer angry. I want him to come back. That desire shuts everything else up. I stop thinking about getting to the interstate the next morning. I stop thinking about myself. I think only about whether or not I will be able to do the things he will demand of me.

Relief mixes with terror when I hear the heavy clunk of his boots on the stairs again. The light flickers on and I discover I cannot look at him. He is tender when he comes to me, holding my cheeks, whispering "honey" again and again softly. He removes the gag and wipes away the drool that is running down my chin. He kisses me slowly, his tongue filling up my mouth completely, my face in his hands, his thumbs digging into my cheeks.

He breaks the kiss and sits down in a gray folding-chair. He says, "Come over here, honey." Ashamed, I hop clumsily to where he sits. "Get down on your knees," he says in the same sweet voice. He spreads his legs wide and I see the outline of his cock underneath the thick fabric of his work pants. I press my face into his crotch, the spit from my open mouth staining his pants darker. He grabs my hair and jerks my head back. "Don't fucking touch me until I say you're allowed to." He slaps my face hard, the sting of it spreading to my neck and lips. His gray eyes spark. "You fucking bitch. If you want my cock so much, I'm gonna make you swallow it." He unzips his pants and the big black dick he won in a drag king contest spills out.

I turn into a faggot when I'm sucking his cock. I can envision my eyes closed, my cheeks hollowed out, the perfect curls of my lashes almost disappearing. I look sixteen, dark-haired, some young boy he's picked up off the street. I gag when he puts his dick in my mouth. This makes him impatient. He grabs my head in his big hands and thrusts his hips so that his cock is hitting the back of my throat. It slams into my throat until I finally open up and let it slide in toward my gut. He has his hands squeeze tighter at my temples to let me know I'm not getting away, that I'm not allowed to breathe until he's done. It becomes a meditation: sneaking in bits of air, finding a way to adjust to the thing that is filling up my mouth completely. I suck him off as hard and fast as I can, the muscles in my jaws and neck aching, the ligaments screaming. I lose who I am while I am doing this.

I come back to earth after he has pulled my head away. He zips his pants and stares at me. I'm still on my knees, the collar tight around my throat. "You're so fucking pretty," he says to me and takes out his knife. He bends down and cuts the rope off my ankles. "Get up," he says and leads me closer to one of the cinder block walls. He unbuttons my shirt, the knife clenched in his teeth. He pushes the cloth down to my tied wrists. They tingle with the motion. He rubs his dick against my ass and pushes my naked torso against the wall. My nipples and cheek grind against the rough block. He puts the knife against my throat and whispers again, "Don't make a sound." I feel his other hand loosening my belt and then my jeans drop down to my ankles. He touches my ass and his hand is slippery with grease. The knife presses tighter against my throat so that I am sure there must be a thin line of blood trickling down my throat and across my collarbone.

He presses the big dick against my asshole and I shudder; my body bucks against him. The cinder blocks tear at my nipples. He is rough with me, sliding the first half-inch into me viciously. It stops when it hits the tighter ring of muscle inside my ass. He moves his hips in short strokes against me, thrusting a little harder each time. He does this until he stretches out my asshole. I sense the rest of the dick before he puts it inside me, feel him drawing back before he slams into me. I feel like I am losing consciousness when I am being fucked in the ass, the pleasure so great that all I can do is open my throat and howl. I forget about the knife against my throat. He fucks me until my tits are bloody and I cannot speak.

I close my eyes and see his body spread across the floor, breath ragged, hands splayed out against the carpet. Standing over him I feel that I am 6 1/2 feet tall, the muscles in my arms and shoulders huge and full of venom, as if parts of me are ready to explode. I grab him by the scruff of his neck and pull him up on his knees, my forearm a thick bar across his chest, pressing against his collarbone. I take my dick out so that he can feel it between his thighs. He moans and arches toward me more. My arm slides up and presses against his neck. His throat caves in slightly and he goes limp against me, his labored breath becoming so loud that it clogs my hearing. We sink into this silence together; memories flash across our field of vision that we have never had before: ships sailing, the fear of falling off the edge of a flat world, discovery of new lands. I touch a space that exists in his chest only in these moments. It is just as wide as the plains in Nebraska.

When I let him go he falls back to the floor, his arms wrapped around his head and neck. I loosen my belt and fold the soft leather around my fist three times. The first blow is soft, hardly making a noise against his shoulder blades. I am careful to build the intensity of how I hit him, layering the blows to cover every inch of his wide shoulders. He is whining softly now, begging me to hit him harder. I want to hit him until I am hoarse, until my voice disappears, until there is nothing but sensation between us. I raise the belt high above my head and bring it whistling down. He screams and I hit him again and again. I follow the movements of his body and strike him in the places that sting the most. I watch his jaws clench and unclench, his eyes tightly closed. I can tell that he has reached a place of absolute trust, that he has given me the right to do anything to him that I want to with the faith that I will not ask too much. I hit him until I am exhausted, until his back is covered with splotches, until his shoulders are black and blue. I collapse onto him, unable to move.

Excerpted from the story of the same name which appears in Best Lesbian Erotica 2002*, edited by Tristan Taormino, selected and introduced by Amber Hollibaugh; available at bookstores or from Cleis Press, 800-780-2279.*

cheers + jeers

compiled by Diana Cage

▲ "How can I **miss something** that was **never there**?"

Singer Melissa Etheridge in Interview *responding to Brad Pitt on whether she misses that part of sex that only a man can provide*

"The future of our continent is bleak and the prospect of extinction of the entire population of a continent looms larger and larger."

Nigerian President Olusegun Obasanjo at the U.N. General Assembly session on AIDS

▲ "Guys grab their crotches and nobody says anything, but if a girl does a shimmy and shows her belly, it's a huge deal."

Britney Spears defending her fashion sense in Glamour

"At first I worried that some people might think I was gay. And then my second thought was, 'So what?' I mean, isn't that the point, that it should be a non-issue to people?"

ER star Laura Innes, on her character's lesbian storyline, in TV Guide

"At the end of the day, I returned to one of my most basic beliefs about a government: it does not belong in our private lives."

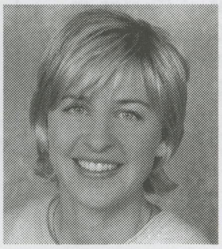
Arizona Governor Jane Hull, a Republican, on signing into law a bill that repeals the state's ban on cohabitation, oral sex, and sodomy

▼ "For a decade, I got carrots sent to my table wherever I ate."

Actress Phoebe Cates, on her carrot stick blow-job scene in Fast Times at Ridgemont High, *in* Entertainment Weekly

"I have seen Nakednews.com, but totally once and just for research purposes.π I haven't seen it since they've got the guy on it."

Sam Donaldson ABC news anchorman in The San Francisco Chronicle



◀ "It was the **first time I ever had my heart broken**. I'd always been the one to leave relationships…and it was **the one time I really believed this is forever**."

Ellen DeGeneres on her breakup with Anne Heche, in the Los Angeles Times

"It imposes something on society that, if truth be known, our society is not yet ready to accept. These types of things ultimately will lead to chaos."

Tina Mauler, a mother, on the news that a lesbian was chosen prom king by her peers at Washington's Ferndale High, as quoted by the Associated Press

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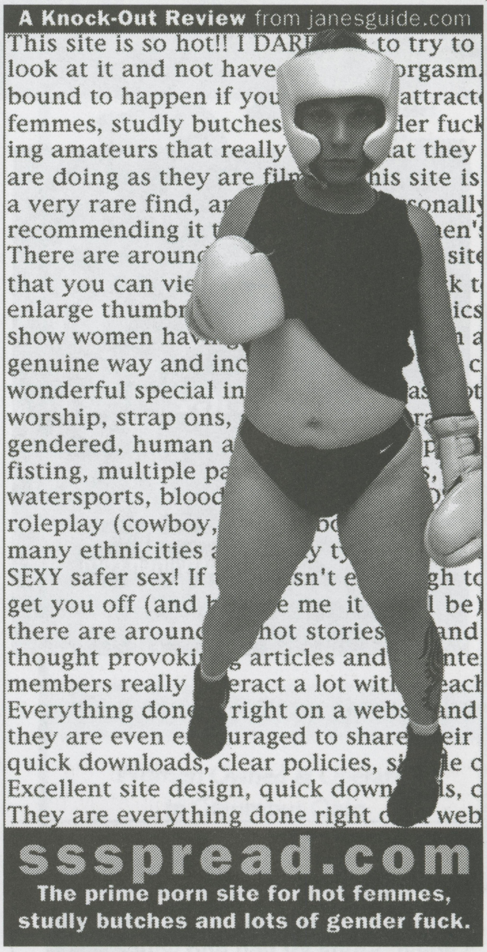

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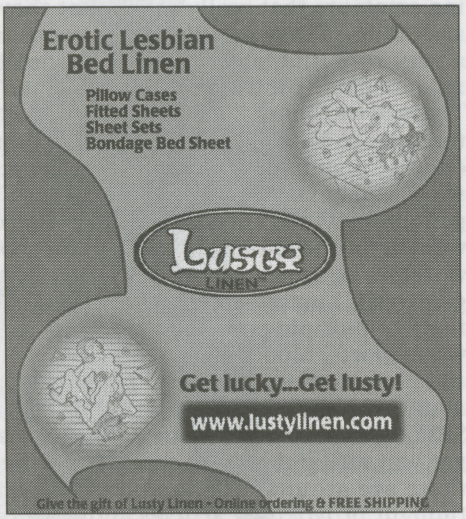
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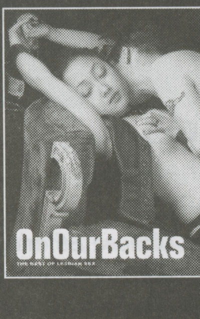
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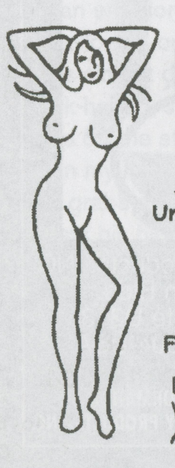
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What do you think about when you Masturbate?

compiled by Diana Cage

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Desk Job

I think about sitting on my sociology professor's desk with my legs spread. My pussy drips all over the papers on her desk while she rubs her wet tongue against my clit hood piercing. When I come, I hold her head tightly in position while my body trembles. *Teacher's Pet*

Eager Submissive

I think about a powerful, mysterious woman who climbs through my window at night. She fucks me just to show me she can get away with it and there's nothing I can do about it. *Darkrose*

Food Fetish

I picture girls I've lusted after between my legs, teasing me with their tongues and lips, and kneading my breasts in their hands while they make a meal out of me. *Jen*

One for the Boys

I think about fucking my girlfriend with a real cock. I penetrate her deep and hard until she comes and then I come inside her and she tells me she can feel it. *Sue*

Butch Cock Craving

If I'm super-horny, which I usually am, I think about a butch hottie laying on top of me and fucking my cunt and face with his cock. He cuffs my hands tightly above my head and puts his fist in my cunt. *Karen*

Rug Burn Lovers

Images of my woman and me making love on the rug in the living room flow through my mind. I suck one dark brown nipple and pinch the other while feeling her soft, wet, tasty vagina with my fingers. Then I slowly kiss my way down her soft body and stain my face with her juices and taste all that is mine. *Inez*

Easy Rider

I like to think of a beautiful, well-endowed femme, decked out in a leather motorcycle outfit. We've been out riding and she's been giving me a back rub, but now she's ready for more. I pull the bike over in a secluded orchard, peel her clothes off very slowly, and kiss her deeply. Then I gently lay her naked body on the ground, and give her foreplay until she is ready for my fist. *Janice*

Blond Venus

I think about Linda, this beautiful blond Amazon powerhouse, who is the only female salesperson at my office. She's about a foot taller than me and I doubt she even knows I exist. I imagine her under me as I grind and fuck her with my huge black strap-on. *Pornmuffin*

For Her Eyes Only

Nothing turns me on more than a vivid memory of my partner fucking the living bejeezus out of me. I may start with thoughts of being stripped and chained, or of gleefully drowning in a sea of lesbian flesh, but the vision of her eyes, insistent and searing, or the memory of her teeth locked onto my shoulder always intrudes and surpasses my pedestrian little fantasies. *Shannon*

Office Slut

I think about stripping for one of the women in my office. I wear high-collar blouses and mid-length skirts, but underneath I'm strictly Frederick's of Hollywood: front-close, push-up bras, and lacy garter belts with full-fashion nylon stockings. *Starlet*

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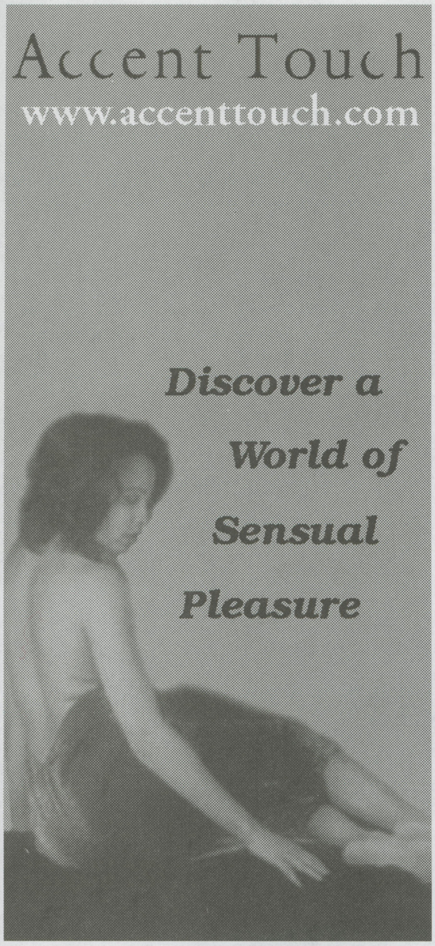
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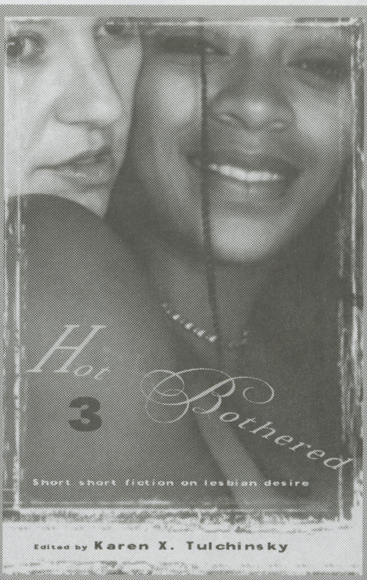
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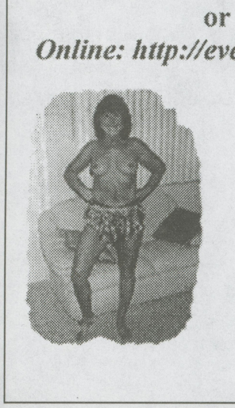

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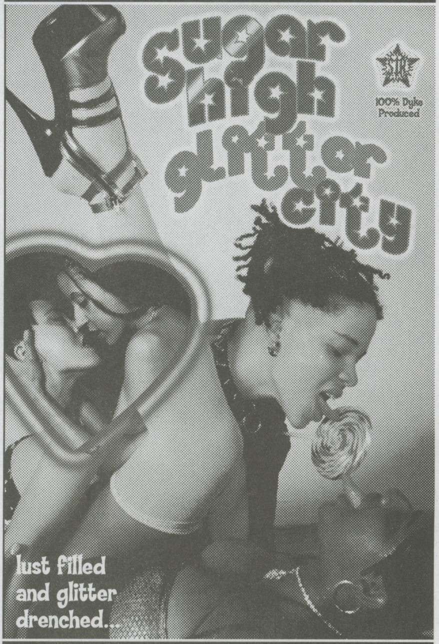
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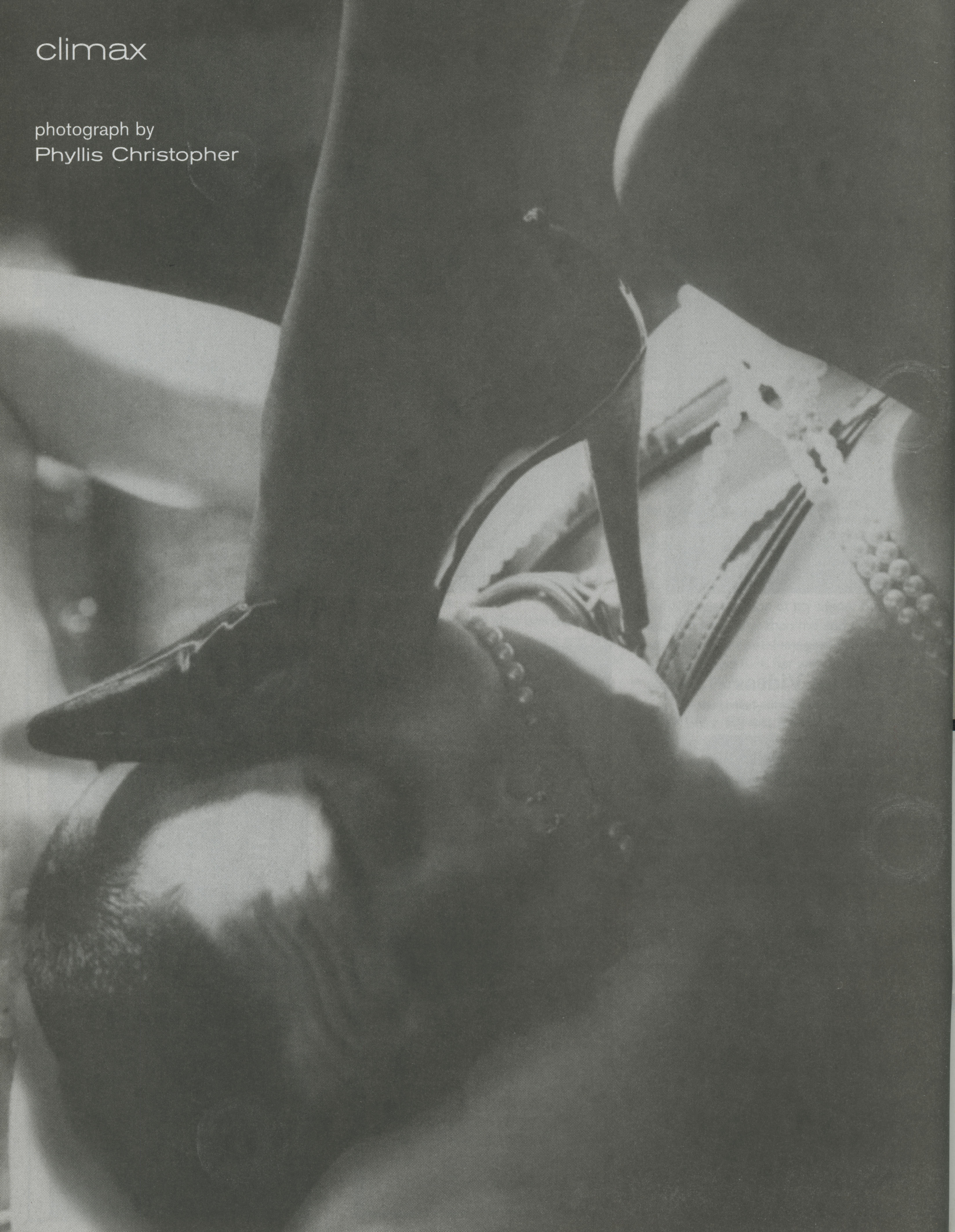

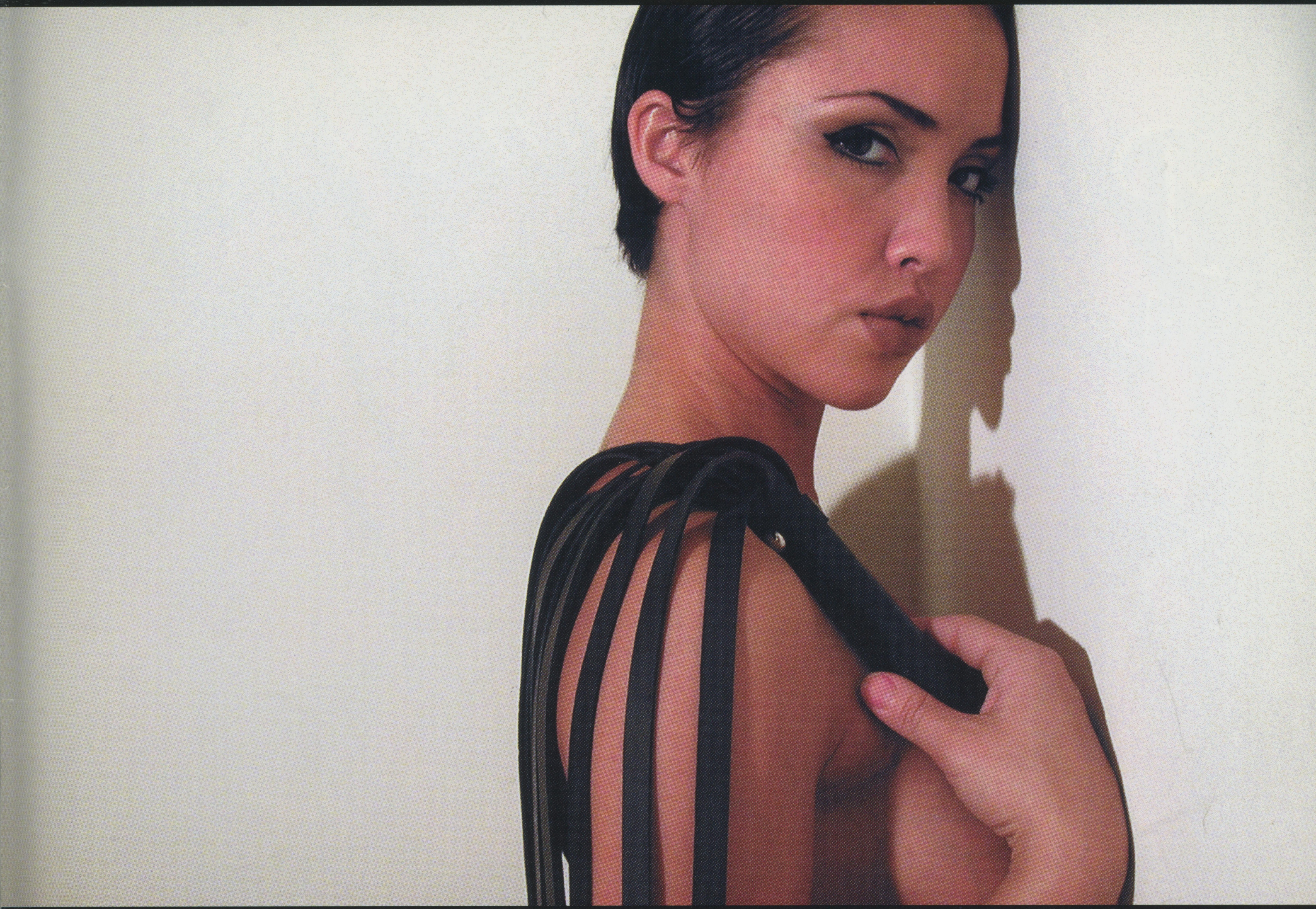

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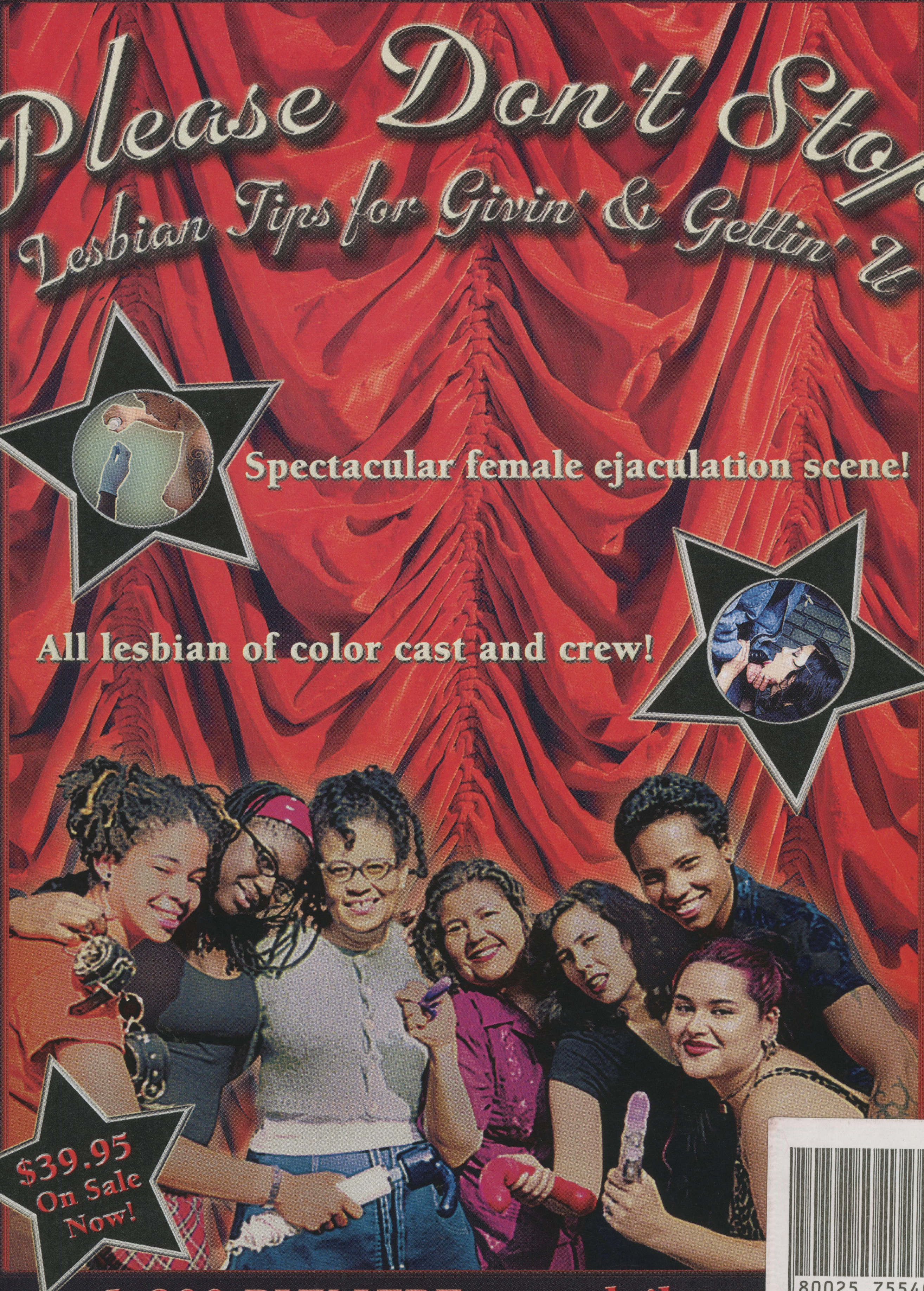

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